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AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

JOURNAL OF

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Editorial.

PROTECTING STRAWBERRIES.

A correspondent of the *Ploughman* at Medway, desires to know the best methods of protecting strawberries in winter. The strawberry crop has come to be so important that the question of protection is worthy of a careful consideration. A friend of ours, more than forty miles from Boston, sold his crop this year on less than an acre and a quarter, for fourteen hundred dollars in the Boston market. Another farmer of our acquaintance took twenty-four hundred dollars for his crop the past summer, and others received sums which seem enormous when the small extent of their beds is taken into consideration. We know of no farm crop which has paid so well the past season, and there is, probably, no one which pays so well year after year, with the exception possibly of grapes. We know of no one who has gone into either of these crops with enterprise and intelligence and failed. The labor they require, though pretty constant at certain seasons of the year, is light and agreeable, and the market always ready to take all it can get at remunerative prices. What is there that pays better?

We have always taken the ground that it is a farmer in New England wants to make money he must adopt some specialty and *stick to it*, not to the exclusion of other crops which may be needed for home consumption, but relying upon it for his money returns. Making a specialty of some one or two crops, he becomes complete master of the business they involve, studies the market, and knows more of them than he possibly could if they formed only a small part of a great miscellaneous farm crop. A farmer may live along from year to year, and perhaps make both ends meet, in the old fashioned way with a little corn, a few potatoes, some grass and a few roots, a few cows and the other things incident to general farming, but after all, every year shows more and more clearly, that it is special farming that pays. It need not be strawberries or grapes or cranberries. Dairying, sheep husbandry, stock raising, market gardening, anything almost that becomes the object of special pride and attention on the part of the farmer, will pay, and pay generally in proportion to the ability and judgment applied to it. But if a farmer, instead of adopting this course, does a little of everything, the chances are that he will have little of anything to sell, and the result is that he will find himself at the end of the year, little better off than he was at the beginning.

But now as to the question of winter protection for strawberries. The object is not to prevent the ground from freezing, but to avoid subjecting the vines to the constant changes of winter, freezing and thawing alternately. If we were sure the ground would be well covered with snow all winter, we could get along without artificial protection. Now almost any non-conducting substance which would answer for mulching in summer will serve as a covering for the vines in winter, care being taken not to make the covering so thick as to smother the vines. Coarse strawy manure is good and so is salt hay and old meadow hay and straw. The market gardeners most commonly use coarse hay which they rake off in the spring, and stack up for another winter's use. But unless care is used with this substance, it will add grass and weed seed to the bed, and make a great deal of work which might be avoided. This is no objection where strawberries are grown on the annual system, as the plants are all turned under, weeds and all, as soon as the crop is off, but on any other system it is a serious objection.

To avoid this many use leaves, spent tan, corn stalks, chopped straw or pine boughs. We incline to think leaves are about the best cover ng to be had, and where there are woods near at hand they are easily enough obtained. Pine leaves or pine needles, as they are called, are most excellent. If other leaves like those of the oak and other deciduous trees are used, they are sure to blow off unless held in their place by pine or hemlock branches. We know of nothing better than a uniform covering of two or three inches deep of pine leaves, the old matted layers that you find in pine forests half rotten with age. If the bed needs manuring, coarse light barnyard manure that is full of straw and other litter will do, but it will not do to apply solid barnyard dung. The chances are it would kill the vines.

You want to put on the covering, whatever it is, before the ground has frozen very hard, and before the first heavy fall of snow. The latter part of November is ordinarily about the time to apply it. One advantage of using leaves is that a portion of them will settle in around the plants so as to make an excellent mulch for the bed, when the covering is removed in spring. This serves to keep the fruit free from dirt, which for some varieties is quite important. Capt. Moore, of Concord, uses hog's bristles, we believe, for protecting his strawberries, and they improve the land very much. Any substance of a similar character that can be had with the least expense of time and trouble will answer the purpose.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

Mr. Geo. Winn, of Woburn, has about ten acres meadow under cultivation, which formerly produced a good crop of worthless bushes, but now would be a source of pride to any farmer. It joins a similiar piece belonging to Mr. John Winn, and both are under similar treatment. The meadow is very level, the fall not exceeding three feet to the mile; the water in the ditches is never more than two feet from the surface; a small portion of it only has been covered with gravel, and the crops are as abundant where it has not as where it has been covered. The mud, is twenty-five feet or more deep, though a horse can be driven all over it; the mud removed from the ditches is worth the cost of removing, salt is all used in compost on the uplands. On these meadows there are about seven acres of remarkably fine looking vegetables, and an unusual yield of two-thirds of an acre of cabbages last year brought $315, and this year seven tons of hay were cut upon one and a half acres in two crops. On no part of it has the grass yielded less than three tons to the acre.

Mr. Winn purchased last spring fifteen barrels fish salt which he mixed with his compost, a heap containing about one hundred loads; this he applied to a portion of his meadow on which was planted corn, cabbages and squashes, but either the quantity or quality of the salt was too much for the seeds, as they declined to come up in any decent season and many of them not at all, obliging him to replant.

Messrs Perry & Eaton, of North Woburn, have two and a half acres of meadow that formerly was a worthless bog hole, very springy and with holes so deep that a cow was formerly drowned there. These holes were filled with gravel, a main drain dug through the centre about four feet wide and four deep, with several lateral blind drains. After draining they covered with about four inches coarse gravel; the water standsin the drains within thirty inches of the surface of the ground; after taking off the first crop of hay they fill the ditches with water for four days to start the grass for a second crop. The manure from six horses and three or four hogs is thrown out of the pen during the year and mixed with coarse gravel and spread soon after the second crop is taken off. This year they took off eight tons first crop and four tons second, and about the same last year, being a very good income upon an investment of three hundred dollars per acre, which has been the whole cost of reclaiming.

Mr. Hosmer [illegible] eight acres meadow which previous to draining produced a little coarse grass scarcely fit for bedding. It was thoroughly drained but not gravelled; in some of the drains no water stands during the summer, but in the main drain the water is within two feet of the surface. As meadow land suffers by drought as much as upland when too thoroughly drained, there is still a question as to how much water should be kept in the ditches, some say within twenty four others thirty-six, others forty eight inches of the surface. Mr. Cummings uses about four cords manure to the acre and his crops look remarkably well. Without going into an estimate of the value of the whole, we judged on some portions, he would realize one hundred and twenty-five barrels potatoes to the acre, very large and smooth with few small ones; last year he sold from seven-eighths of an acre $275,00 worth potatoes.

GREAT SALE IN SOUTHBORO'.

The Chestnut Hill Farm, as it is now called, and which for the past two years has been owned and occupied by Mr. J. C. Converse, as a stock farm, was sold at auction, as was also the fine herd of Jersey stock, on Wednesday of last week. This place has been somewhat noted for its frequent change of ownership. It was where Mr. H. H. Peters bred his Ayrshires. He sold it to Mr. Appleton, who occupied a year or two, and sold to Henry Smith, who occupied about a year or so, and then sold to Mr. Converse. The farm contains about two hundred acres, and is considered one of the best stock farms in New England. About two hundred gentlemen were in attendance, and at half past ten, Mr. J. F. C. Hyde, the auctioneer, offered the farm, the first bid being $20,000, and the highest being $27,050, at which price it was knocked down to Mr. Joseph Story Fay, Jr.

The sale of stock was then commenced with the cow Delpha, which was purchased by Mr. Waring, of Newport, R. I., at $75. The other purchasers were as follows: Mr. F. Hunnewell, Delpha 2d, $95; Major Ladd, Delpha 3d, $100. Mr. W. G. Baker of Wellesley, Victoria, for $150; Annie 2d, for $255; Flora, for $87 50; Matilda 3d, $305; Brownie 2d, $120; Fiyaway $190; Katrina, $130; Winnie, $95. Major Ladd of Lowell, Lady Milton 2d, $225. Mr. Clark of Waltham, Sylph 2d, $235; Sylph 3d, $75; Annie 3d, $67 50; Belle, $95; Diana 4th, $220; Amelia, $167 50. Mr. George F. Kimball, Annie, $150; Gazelle, Dam Diana, $165; Mr. O. Lewis of Framingham, Delpha 4th, $137 50; Rosa 2d, $195. Mr. Converse of Newton, Beauty, $295: Nettie 2d, $162 50; Mr. Baker, Highflyer, $130. Mr. F. Hunnewell, Milton Boy, $140.

There were other animals sold at lower rates.

RIPENING TOMATOES.

It will be well to remind those who want to make the best of their late tomatoes, not yet gathered, that they will ripen in the cellar and can be picked now and put in open baskets, or boxes, for that purpose.

HENS EATING FEATHERS.

We have frequently been asked the question why hens eat their feathers. Mr. A. W. Bryant, of Lexington, says it is usually from a want of salt; a remedy is to give them a little boiled salt fish as too much salt is injurious. It is necessary to freshen it somewhat.

— The failure of the hay crop in Maine is not the only grief. The Portland papers say that the potato crop will be very light, and only heavy rains can save it from failure; corn is in a similar condition; there are few apples; the grasshoppers threaten to destroy what wheat the drouth has spared; and altogether, farming for profit ain't known in Maine this year.

RAISING TURKEYS.

Mr. C. C. Huntress, of North Reading, informs us that he has experimented a good deal to find the best method of feeding the young turkeys, and since he has adopted the following—his per cent of loss has been very small; for a week after they are hatched he keeps them shut up in the coop and gives them no water, feeds them on hard boiled eggs, and for three or four weeks their food is mainly boiled eggs. He gradually at the end of that time begins to feed on broken bread, and crackers soaked in some milk; he adds some wh at screenings which he thinks agrees well with them; when eight weeks old they eat the usual variety of food given the other fowls; under this treatment he finds no difficulty in raising them, and considers the business profitable

WILD RASPBERRIES.

Mr. Geo. C. Fitz, of Ipswich Mass., brought to our office a large cluster of wild raspberry bushes, hanging full of ripe berries of the second crop. They were gathered and brought to us on the 9th inst, and were a great curiosity, as sweet and well flavored as the first crop usually is. Would it be worth while to try and cultivate the berry from those bushes and see what can be made of them?

Correspondence.

VALUE OF MEADOW MUD.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

A person owning an acre of meadow, where the mud is three feet deep, has four thousand one hundred and sixty loads of mud, which is worth one dollar a load. Now in getting this mud do not go all over it, but commence on one side, where it can be drained, take off the sod and lay it aside, take out what you wish, then place the sod back, grass side up. By this process you can take all the mud and leave your land as good as before you commenced upon it.

Meadow mud should be well pulverised before it is used.

It is valuable for strawberries, it is valuable for asparagus, it is exceedingly valuable for grapes and pears.

A person having sandy land, by applying forty or fifty loads to the acre, can make valuable land, and likewise gravel knolls can be made very productive by applying meadow mud freely.

[illegible] not stingy in the application of meadow mud.

D. WESTON.

Lincoln, Sept 30.

PROLIFIC SOW.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Noticing a piece in the *Ploughman* of Sept. 23rd, in which our friend Glovier has as it seems distanced all his competitors, in the matter of breeding sows, I think it behooves us to show that Massachusetts is still ahead. I have a part Chester and Yorkshire sow that has had as follows: April, 7th 1870, twelve pigs, raised them all, Oct. 15th, 1870, twelve pigs, raised these also, March 31st 1871 fourteen pigs. Of this litter two nobly succumbed, that the rest might live, and two were trodden upon by the mother. She has now by her side Sept. 25th ten pigs, a week old, all alive and doing well, making in all forty-eight pigs in less than a year and a half, with the loss of four only. Can New Hampshire excel this?

Yours, W. F. KINSMAN.

Ipswich, Sept. 25th, 1871.

RED WATER LILIES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The "Pink Water Lilly" can be supplied to "An old subscriber" by Wm. C. Chipman, of this town.

Yours truly, H. G. O. ELLIS.

Sandwich, Mass., 1871.

For Massachusetts Ploughman.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD CIDER.

Take the barrels and cleanse them thoroughly with lye and lime water, then make the cider and put it into them; put into the cellar, leave the bung out or its working will burst the strongest cask; let it remain so fourteen days, then draw out the cider, leaving the settlings; these take out and throw away, put back the cider having first rinsed the barrels with water and then afterwards with ardent spirit, rum or whiskey. Those can leave some in that wish to. No vinegar can be made from cider to which ardent spirit is added. Then put into each barrel from two to ten pounds of sugar and an equal amount of raisins, then bung it up tight and keep it so, except when you wish to draw from it. These suggestions are mainly in accordance with those of the Editor of the *Ploughman* last spring. A cask in which ardent spirits has been kept is a good thing. In making vinegar nothing should be added except "mother," and the cask should be kept open. Yours truly,

ELIAS BAKER.

Meriden, N. H., Sept. 29th, 1871.

DETERIORATION OF GUANO.

The editor of the Irish Farmer's *Gazette* talks as follows concerning this manure: The predictions which we have so often published in this journal relative to the deterioration sooner or later, of the quality of the Chincha Island (Peruvian) guano have been verified, and somewhat sooner than we anticipated. About twelve years ago this variety of guano was of remarkably uniform composition, and the relative proportions of its constituents did vary, it was generally the most valuable of them that preponderated over the others. Thus the average amount of ammonia (or the substance equivalent to that compound) was about 16 per cent., but the proportion more frequently rose to 18 per cent. then it sank to 14 per cent. At this time, there can be no doubt that Peruvian guano deservedly stood at the head of all natural and artificial manures. From the year 1855, or thereabout, there has been a very slow, but still sensible, diminution in the percentage of ammonia in Peruvian guano until quite recently, when almost suddenly the composition of the recent imports has undergone a serious change. Specimens are still to be met with containing 16 per cent of ammonia, but they are rare; while on the other hand, in some samples, the amount of ammonia has fallen to less than 10 per cent.

Questions & Answers.

THE GRASS CROP.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a few acres of land in this town from which I cut hay enough for three cattle, but I want to cut more. I feed rather close, and the question is, how can I raise a larger crop of hay next year? Shall I top dress it, or must I plough, then manure and sow seed and harrow it in? Should hay seed be sown in fall or spring? GEO. FRAZER.

Watertown, Sept. 28th, 1871.

If you have, or can borrow, a Nishwitz harrow, the cheapest and best way you can manage is to harrow the piece both ways diagonally, and do it immediately. That cuts up and loosens the surface better than to harrow straight across both ways. Then sow the seed immediately. You can sow timothy and redtop, if the other grasses now on the lot are of the late flowering kinds, but if the land is strong, and naturally moist and good, and the old grasses early, we should prefer to sow orchard grass, and perennial rye grass, say a bushel of the former and a peck or half a bushel of the latter per acre. Run over it with a brush harrow after sowing the seed.

Then later in the fall, and just before the ground closes, spread on as liberal a coating of manure as you can afford. You can get a plenty of it by going to Mr. Craig, Superintendent of the cattle yards at Brighton, at a reasonable price. Let that lie over winter, but in spreading do it directly from the cart and not dump it in heaps first, as many do. It will take no longer, and it is a great deal better for the piece. About the last of March, or the first of April, sow on ten pounds of red clover and three or four pounds of alsike clover per acre, and then bush harrow. If the manure is lumpy at that time, and does not crumble down fine, it will be better to bush it both ways, and then roll it or drag it.

That is the cheapest and least expensive way in our opinion of getting the lot into first rate grass and if the land is not too much run out, and stiff and rocky, it is as effective as any. You save the good grasses already in the land, because the thorough scarifying of the Nishwitz harrow will do them good rather than injury, and you add to them fresh neighbors that will excite their ambition rather than crowd and jostle them out.

You do not mention the character or condition of the land. If it is stiff and clayey and hath[illegible]

SOILING, VS. PASTURING.

Let me recite the experience and practice of a friend of mine. Coming into possession of about nine acres of land in the neighborhood of a good market, made by the demands of a large literary institution, he cast about as to what was to be done. Two cows and a horse was the stock in trade, for neat cattle. He was obliged to pay per season, men for pasturage, what they thought it was worth, and at the same time it was no small job to drive his cows back and forth. That determined him to keep his cows in the barn. The greatest trouble was the rapid accumulation of manure. By good hush nury he properly secured that; he kept feeding it to his crops. Finding his crops increasing, he rents did vary, it was generally the most valuable of them that preponderated over the others. Thus the average amount of ammonia (or the substance equivalent to that compound) was about 16 per cent., but the proportion more frequently rose to 18 per cent. then it sank to 14 per cent. At this time, there can be no doubt that Peruvian guano deservedly stood at the head of all natural and artificial manures. From the year 1855, or thereabout, there has been a very slow, but still sensible, diminution in the percentage of ammonia in Peruvian guano until quite recently, when almost suddenly the composition of the recent imports has undergone a serious change. Specimens are still to be met with containing 16 per cent of ammonia, but they are rare; while on the other hand, in some samples, the amount of ammonia has fallen to less than 10 per cent.

TO MAKE BOYS GOOD FARMERS.

The *American Agriculturist* says: Induce them to take an interest in the farm, in the implements, in the stock; tell them all your plans, your successes and failures; give them a history of your own life and what you did, and how you lived when a boy; but do not harp too much on the degenerate character of young men of the present age; praise them when you can, and encourage them to do still better. Let them dress up in the evening instead of sitting down in their dirty clothes in a dirty room. Provide plenty of light. Banish kerosene our country homes as soon as can be as brilliantly lighted as the gas lit residences in the city. Encourage the neighbors to drop in evenings. —Talk agriculture rather than politics; speak of the importance of large crops, of good stock, of liberal feeding, and of the advantage of making animals comfortable, rather than of the hard times, low prices and high wages. Above all, encourage the boys to read good agricultural books. Papers are well enough, but an intelligent boy wants something more. Get him some good agricultural book to study. Read it with him, and give him the benefit of your experience and criticism. When he has mastered this, give him another. In our own case, we owe our love for farming principally to the fact that our father told us of everything that he was doing on the farm; answering all the questions, and encouraging rather than refusing, our child like desire of helping him to plough, to chop, to let off water, and hire the brush heap.

DON'T FORGET

that the discharge of any duty to society was to pay the debt that the individual owed to society, and in what way he benefitted himself as well as the community in which he lived, thus illustrating the Scripture, "There is that which giveth, and yet increaseth."

Every good act done, every kind word spoken, every pleasant reflection we have, is pay in the highest sense of the word. The memory of good deeds done and obligations discharged will afford a far richer dividend than stocks or bonds. He would not counsel extravagance, but rather saving to the last penny, and the improvement of every moment; but he advised them not to rob themselves or their families of the best of every thing, because it brought the highest price in the market.

He then referred to the advantages of Farmers' Clubs, as a means of intellectual improvement and social enjoyment. What a school for information was such an institution! Think of the fund of knowledge in the possession of a well conducted Farmers' Club upon the practical matters of every day-life, of how much value the experience of one may be to the rest. Almost every man has a specialty in which he is distinguished over his neighbors. One man has a reputation for raising corn, another hay, one is a successful orchardist, another a noted gardener, and so on, and at these Clubs, man can impart his knowledge to the others; and thus all be paid and pay as they go.

The same rule applied to the management of the farm. Many a man sells his hay when it is high, thinking to replace it when it is low; but when the time comes, he finds that he has not the means he expected, for by selling his hay, he deprived himself of manure, his farm is less fertile, and at last he finds himself in a hopeless battle with nature, which insists off the rigid carrying out of the rule, "Pay as you go."

Mr. Thing said he brought them the greetings of old Kennebec, and in her name he bade them God-speed in the good and noble work of raising the standard of agricultural labor. They had good reason to take heart in the success which had attended their exertions thus far, in the endeavor to promote the prosperity of the laboring people of the State, and to look forward with hope to yet grander successes in the future. Maine had spent her substance long enough in raising men and women to give credit and renown to the far west; she must give her attention now to keeping her sons and daughters at home. Think of sending the best of the young men and women of the State to people the far off valleys of the Mississippi, the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and the shores of the Pacific, and filling their places by Swiss and Scandinavians, imported at the expense of the people! If the good old State of Maine was to be saved at all, if the fields their fathers reclaimed from the forests, if the free institutions which their patriotism and their wisdom had bequeathed to them, were to be transmitted unimpaired to their children, if the spirit of loyalty and patriotism which distinguished Maine, from Gettysburg to the Gulf of Mexico, was to be kept alive for the contingencies of the future, it must be done by the descendants of the good old puritan stock. Their came in the way of Plymouth Rock, and came as their own express. The last thought that comforts he laid in the [illegible] as he lies down to pay [illegible] and Mr. T[illegible] [illegible] children, [illegible] [illegible] the graves of parents, to the [illegible] wives, brothers and sisters, [illegible] care of strangers, and the one native State upon the whole question of dollars and cents? My friends, we all so live and so act that there may be no cause of delinquency against us when we are called to pay the last great debt which we must all "pay or [illegible]."

Exceedingly interesting addresses followed from President ALLEN, of the Agricultural College, Prof. FERNALD, and Hon. A. M. ROBINSON, on the advantages and delights enjoyed by the intelligent cultivator of the soil, the last speaker for food for cattle, as pebbles would be in our soups or sawdust in our puddings. Pastures that once carried large herds of cattle, horses and sheep, now hardly sufficed to support half a dozen cows. The remedy for the state of things was succinctly stated in the maxim of an old English farmer—"Feed your land before it is hungry—rest it before it is weary; manure it before it is foul." Re-seeding and manuring would be needed on many of the old pastures, where even the roots had been destroyed by the drought and the grasshoppers. Whether this was to be done by ploughing or not must be left to the discretion and good judgment of the owner. On loam or light soil, gypsum was the fertilizer that would give more return than any other. On light soil, ashes or lime should be used. Sheep husbandry was referred to as a most efficient and valuable method of reclaiming pasture lands. Many of the pastures were water-soaked, and such lands should be underdrained. There is no reason why pastures should not be drained as well as meadow land, for the former supported the stock a greater number of months during the year than the mowing lands. By under-draining, one acre could be made to sustain a cow, where four acres were now required. But if underdraining was too expensive, and manure was not to be had to fertilize and renovate the pastures, let them rest. Plant them with forest trees, and make them beautiful to the eye, as well as remunerative to posterity.

Mr. FARRINGTON, of Orono, said that three or four acres of mowing land belonging to the college, where the grass had died out, were sown the last of April, without ploughing, with timothy, red-top and clover, but the drought had killed the red-top and timothy. Since the fall rains he had found that the clover was springing up, so that, if the coming winter should prove favorable for grasses, he hoped for some grass next spring.

Hon. A. M. ROBINSON recommended re-seeding, next season, the lands where the grass seed had failed this year and last, without sowing any grain crop, and without again manuring the land.

Mr. PERCIVAL thought it of the utmost importance to keep their pastures in good condition, for he believed that an animal well-pastured was half wintered, to say the least. He believed that the system generally adopted by farmers in the management of pasture lands was a ruinous one, for they took every thing off of them they could possibly get, and starved them to death. He wanted to know how long that land must [illegible] with ten acres of [illegible] which he ploughed, planted with potatoes, using plaster alone as the fertilizer, followed with oats, and mowing the field two years. He got good crops of potatoes and oats, and from a ton to a ton and a half of hay. The pasture had since produced four times the amount of feed, and certainly of a better quality, that it did before he took it up.

Mr. GILBERT, of Androscoggin, said he had been into his pastures and those of his neighbors, and studied the situation, with a view to ascertain what should be done to improve their condition, for certainly their condition was bad enough, and growing worse every year; and he had about come to the conclusion of the *Tribune* philosopher, that every acre of pasture land a man had was a curse to him. He would not pay to grow stock on such pastures; they must grow their animals rapidly, if they would raise them to a profit. He did not believe that pasture land could be improved, as a general thing, by ploughing, because it would cost more than their value would be increased thereby. His experience had been that pasture lands which had once been ploughed must be ploughed again. He confessed himself at a loss to know what to do with these lands.

Prof. FERNALD said he had it on good authority that the method of keeping pastures in good heart in the butter districts of New York, was by topdressing, and wherever these were kept in hard of grass roots, they made it a practice to seed those and scratch in the seed, but never took up their pastures. They kept them in good condition by means of top-dressing, applying ashes, compost, or whatever fertilizer they could command for the purpose.

Mr. WASSON recommended the putting of sheep into worn out pastures as the most effectual and speedy method of renovating them.

Col. SWEET, of Paris, had noticed for several years, that on a part of his pasture which he had ploughed, there was no white clover, but in the part which had not been ploughed, there appeared to be quite an amount of white clover.

Sec. GOODALE said it was a well known fact, that in almost all the best dairy sections of the country, the opinion prevailed that pasture lands should not be ploughed, but that rule might not hold good in Maine, because the conditions were so different. They put their best lands to pasture, which was not the case in this part of the country. The simple fact was, that the farmers of Maine had exhausted their pastures, by continually drawing upon them, and never putting any thing back, and they could not do that without having the bill to pay some time or other. He recommended the application of plaster or superphosphates, according as the lands had been exhausted of one element or the other.

Mr. F. BUCK, of Oxford, recommended sheep husbandry as an excellent means of restoring the fertility of pasture lands, and said that he had endeavored to procure ashes for that purpose, but found that in his neighborhood, all the ashes were bought up and shipped to Connecticut. He thought if the farmers of Connecticut could afford to buy them and pay the expense of transportation, the farmers of Maine could afford to buy them in their own towns.

Correspondence.

THE COMPETITORS OF THE AMERICAN FARMER.

(From the St. Louis Democrat.)

In one or two previous articles we have stated that for the American farmer to attempt to raise wheat or corn for export against the sharp competition which the cheap labor and fertile soils of Europe afford is a waste of energy. We herewith print a statement of the wages received for all classes of workmen in some of the best grain growing districts of the old world:—

WAGES AND SUBSISTENCE OF LABORERS IN EUROPE.
—LOWER SILESIA.
(From the Prussian Statistical Bureau.)
General average daily Wages:—

Males (12 hours) in the country	19
" " city	74
" Harder labor in the country	30
" " city	36
" Skilled labor	60

Master workmen, overseers, &c., $172 per annum. Miners at tunnelling make 72c per day. A brickmaker, [illegible] by his wife, makes 80c per day. Moulders and enamellers in iron foundries, blacksmiths and joiners in machine works, or piano factories, make from 72c to $1 08 per day. The highest wages paid to a very skillful joiner in a piano for a factory were $1 44 per week.

Rye and potatoes form the chief food of the laboring classes.

The annual expenses of a family of five persons (three children) in the district of Bolkenhain, were as follows:—

Provisions (per day 14c to 17c) per year	$ 60 90
Rent (8 pieces)	5 76
Fuel	3 60
Clothing, linen, &c.	14 40
Tuition	1 20
Taxes and education	3 70
Total	$94 66

The head of the family cannot earn enough to provide for the family needs, therefore the services of the wife and children (soon as they are old enough) are drawn upon to make up the deficiency.

The weekly expenses are	$1 82
Weekly earnings, man	1 20
Do. do. do. wife	60

making no allowance for sickness, lost time, &c.

HIRSCHBERG.

The annual expenses of a laborer's family living in a comfortable manner, without luxuries, is estimated as follows:—

Rent—one room, alcove and bedroom	$ 8 64
Fire and light (peat)	14 40
Provisions (breakfast, coffee; at noon, potatoes, dumplings)	10c
Evening—breads a little meat	5c
Supper—soup, bread, vegetables	6c—73 00
Clothing, annual, $6 48; wife, $5 76; children,	20 16
$7, 20: soap, 72c	2 16
Taxes, &c.	8 58
Schooling and books	1 44
Lay by for sickness, &c.	8 58
Unforseen expenses	8 58
Total	$141 84

DISTRICT OF LEIGNITZ.

Income of a family with two children—

Husband, 303 days a' 21.6 cents	$65 86
Wife, 250 days 10,4 cents	26 00
Oldest child, 60 days at 7.2 cents	4 32

Every married man receives—

Two sheffels rye	3 16
One sheffel barley	1 92
One sheffel peas	1 08— 6 26

He raises on a patch of land—

Ten bags potatoes	2 88
Gleans at harvest, rye or barley	8 64
Extra work through the year	8 64
Fat pig	8 76
	$123 80
Expenses of a family in this district average	$112 14

RHENISH PRUSSIA.

Coal miners, average daily wages of 2661 laborers,	64
Iron founders (Duisburg)	65 to 72
Other skilled workmen	54
Laborers	43
Machinists and locksmiths	58
Safe factory, average yearly earnings	$182 40

At hard labor in the country a man may earn from 19 to 24 cents per day. In this country it must be $2 50 to $4 per day and board for harvest hands, and $25 to $30 per month and board by the year. It will easily be seen that by the time the wheat is produced cleaned, hauled to a shipping point, handled there by a middle man, shipped to a larger place, handled there by another middle man, and severely "tolled" by the railroad company, transported thence to the seaboard, thinned out once more by other middle men, carried across the ocean, is milked again by two or three sets of European middle men, that by the time it reaches the poor laboring European consumer it has become too dear to be eaten. Let us abandon the idea of endeavoring to produce very great quantities of grain for export. We can export 12,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels profitably, but when the amount swells to 36,000,000 to 40,000,000 we simply bring distress upon ourselves by so glutting the breadstuffs market that a large percentage of our crop becomes practically worth less, and the energy expended in producing it seems to be effectually flung away. If therefore less time be devoted to the production of the small grains and more to the growing of live stock, wool, fruits, poultry, flax, castor beans, hemp tobacco, and the like, the result to the American farmer will undoubtedly be more gratifying. One of the great blessings of American agricultural life is the *home comforts*, which become possible to the farmer. He may furnish his table with a sumptuousness unknown even to Kings, *if he will*. All of the delicacies of the season, all the fat things of the land, the fruits of the tree and vine, honey, milk, and wine may be his in grandest profusion if he so wills it. But that this may be so he must grow less wheat, and more general farm products. Contrast the possibilities in easy reach of the American farmer with the hard, starving lot of the European land tiller, and see if *all* Americans have not the best of reasons to be proud of their glorious country. California has fully paid the folly of attempting to produce wheat for export with profit, and from soil that returns forty bushels to the acre. If she fails, what can be expected of soils further inland from the seaboard which will only produce twenty bushels to the acre? California is going largely into silk culture, tea culture, and fruit growing. The wine trade of California promises to be one of its greatest sources of wealth. The entire State 600 miles long and 130 broad, is suitable for cultivating the vine, except in those sections where the land is over 3000 feet above the level of the sea. From Oregon to San Diego, the grape is grown. In 1864 it was calculated that 12,000,000 vines bore fruit, and the increase has probably been 4,000,000 vines a year. To-day there are at least 30,000,000 vines, covering about 42,000 acres. The amount of wine which competent authori ies think might be made, if all the grapes were used for the vintage, would be 30,000,000 gallons. One wine-maker alone produces 450,000 gallons.

In other states other enterprises are taken hold of. Wisconsin is producing hops pretty largely. Illinois is working up the

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.---BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

out it, no large success could be obtained. Experiments in England had shown a gain of twenty-five per cent in the crop of a field which had been weeded over a field treated in the same way in every other particular, which was not weeded. Taking that as the basis of his calculation, he estimated the loss in the State of Maine for want of clean culture, at $11,848,826.76. This enormous loss was suffered by the shiftless farmers of the State, who were loud in their declarations that farming did not pay.

MR. FULLER, of Lincoln, said that his farm was infested with witch grass, and if any gentleman would tell him how to get rid of that, he would be obliged to him.

This remark created considerable merriment, as Col. Sweet was well known to be a valiant defender of this description of grass, which most farmers regard as an intolerable nuisance. The Col. gallantly came to the rescue, and declared that he was not afraid to be set down as the friend of witch grass. He would not be without it in his mowing lands, if he could. The matter was talked over somewhat, most of the speakers, if not all, contending stoutly against Col. Sweet's position, and advocating the extermination of the pest, if possible.

The subject was finally laid on the table, and a well-deserved vote of thanks passed to the citizens of Lincoln, for the kind reception which the farmers of the convention had received at their hands.

MR. HERSEY and MR. ROBINSON, in behalf of the citizens of Lincoln, expressed their great gratification that the Board of Agriculture had selected their village as the place of meeting, and the pleasure and interest with which they had listened to the proceedings.

The following resolutions were then read by the Chairman:

Resolved, That the thanks of the people of Maine and the friends of progressive agriculture everywhere are due to CALVIN CHAMBERLAIN, of Foxcroft, retiring member of this Board, for his services, unremitting and gratuitous labors in advancing the material prosperity and social welfare of the people of our State, during the fifteen years he has been a member of this Board.

Resolved, That in parting with Mr. Chamberlain, the members of the Board can express no better wish than that the remainder of his days may be as pleasant to himself as his labors have been useful to others.

Several members of the Board spoke in highly honorable terms of the efficiency of Mr. Chamberlain's labors, and of the personal loss which they felt in his withdrawal, and the resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Mr. Chamberlain said that he did not dare to trust himself to reply to these expressions of kindly feeling, but would endeavor to do so with his pen.

EVENING SESSION.

The concluding session of the Convention was elevated to a high degree of interest on the subject of

"Fruit and Fruit Culture."

Seventeen varieties of the Bald[illegible] were exhibited, and the characteristics he described, as [illegible] cultivation mentioned as peculiarly adapted to [illegible] in Maine. Among these were the Shenandoah, Fulton, and Gravenstein. The latter, with its rich, red cheek, attracted much attention.

Of the several varieties of apples, the Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, and Danvers Winter Sweet, such were spoken of as succeeding well in this State, with the exception of Aroostook, where it is said the Baldwin and Rhode Island Greening have failed.

At the conclusion of the talk about fruit, which kept quite a large audience until ten o'clock, President Furber, whose term expires with this year, read a neat and happily expressed valedictory speech, and this series of meetings,—among the most successful that have been held under the auspices of the Board,—was brought to a close.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1871.

A City on Fire!—The story of the burning of the great, the almost magnificent city of Chicago, the capital of the West, the business entrepot of five large and powerful States, and the pride of the continent, is given in another place. It is almost too terrible to recite in the ears of asympathizing people, allied to the afflicted inhabitants by blood, through business intercourse and in close social relations. The event is a national calamity. No such catastrophe ever before befel this continent. In a single day, a noble city disappeared from the face of the earth No miracle could have been more impressive or more complete. Not a hotel, bank, business house, railroad depot, church, theatre, newspaper building, telegraph office, or other structure of importance remains to mark the desolation. One hundred and fifty thousand people turned into the streets and driven to the edge of the Lake; homeless and hungry, they cried to their brethren throughout the country for succor, and their cry was instantly answered. The lost of life was very great and of property it is scarcely calculable. Insurance offices all over the country have suffered the most serious damage. [illegible] ment. It is an event to be remembered to the latest day of one's life.

The Grief of Boston.—We have never seen Boston plunged in deeper grief than when it was summoned, by the repeated commands of the telegraph, to stand and witness the destruction of a sister city by fire. All real business at its centre was suspended. The awful calamity that was still transpiring was on every tongue. Business men felt and knew that there were serious losses piling up for them every hour, as the conflagration proceeded, but they bore all courageously and calmly, and thought rather of the poor sufferers on the spot than of themselves at a distance of thousands of miles. That the feeling of grief, of something far deeper than sympathy, was sincere, every circumstance attested. Awful as is the calamity in itself, it will not have smitten the country to no purpose if it shall bring all together in a still closer union of sympathy and brotherly love. Charity never had a nobler field in which to exercise itself and reap its coveted rewards.

The Animal Protection Fair.—During the two weeks immediately following Thanksgiving, the great fair in aid of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is to be held in Music Hall, in this city, and the most extensive and elaborate preparations are making to draw to it such a daily assemblage of people as will make it one of the most famous and successful Fairs ever held in Massachusetts. Some of the most refined and cultivated ladies of Boston and Massachusetts have for a long time been earnestly engaged in perfecting the details of the great plan, whose names are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the enterprise. Music Hall will for a fortnight be a paradise of bewildering experiences. The French Fair was the last great success in this line in Boston, but this promises to be fully its equal. Following after the New England Agricultural Society Fair, which we trust it will rival in success, it aims to protect and defend that animal life which the latter displayed in all its perfection to an admiring and grateful public. The receipts go to establishing the fund badly needed for the Society's effective operations.

Wooden Building.—The folly and peril of trusting to wood in a dense settlement, has been so many times demonstrated in different parts of the country, that it ought not now to require a repetition of the process. Chicago was constructed in large part of wood, and of its more pretentious residences a considerable portion was lumber. The roofs were notoriously inflammable. It is now probable that when the city rises from its ashes, on the spot of its origin, it will become a creation instead of an agglomeration of buildings, and exhibit its strong and enduring features of stone, brick and iron on every side. We may expect that this terrible calamity will lead to the inauguration of the modern city according to the developed resources and ascertained requirements of the times. Great architectural results are likely to follow.

The People's Subscription.—The paper circulated for signatures in Faneuil Hall, in aid of the people of Chicago, was plentifully dotted over in the donations averaging a thousand each. It was a happy thought to offer it freely for the signatures of all classes of our people, that the sympathy all felt might be practically expressed in personal gifts. Daily the people wended their way to the Old Cradle, bringing their offerings with them. It was a scene worth the witnessing. The people's subscription for suffering is the thing in future calamities of a public character. The capitalists and heavy business men are never found wanting on such occasions. But they are quite willing to extend to others their opportunity.

A Population in the Streets.—

It is next to impossible to imagine the scene of one hundred and fifty thousand people driven forth by the raging element from their beds, and compelled to make their homes in the streets. Such a spectacle was to be witnessed in Chicago for more than one night during the week just ended. There they were, without shelter, with only what clothing they made their escape in, having not a particle of food to sustain them, the sick and well huddled together, the sea of fire raging and roaring in their ears, smoke and cinders flying in dense clouds across the sky, and nothing but calls, cries of distress, the wailings of sufferers, the affrighted shrieks of infancy, the falling of buildings, and the ceaseless surging of the mad flames making horrible confusion in their ears without cessation. Let any man or woman try to comprehend a situation so fearful as that and say whether the population of Chicago have not been scourged by a wild experience indeed.

The New York City Frauds.—

The herculean task undertaken by the committee of seventy eminent citizens of New York to investigate into the stupendous frauds perpetrated by the city officials, goes on most perseveringly. The success of the suit to enjoin the plunderers from further meddling with the city affairs has been followed up by suits to compel them to disgorge, and the Mayor among others has been brought before the criminal court. There is no doubt that several of the "ring" have made enormous fortunes by downright robbery and plunder of the city treasury. The investigations of the committee have resulted in ascertaining that the debt of the city is $120,000,000, that it has doubled in the last two years, that it costs $30,000,000 to pay the expenses of the city [illegible] as now, consist character have been practised in the departments for years, with the knowledge of their heads. In one case it appears that work on the armories actually cost [illegible] that there was drawn from the [illegible] $202,463, and that [illegible] $1,221,865,00. Treasury by some one for it, [illegible] And this is but one of a number of [illegible] frauds. Men in office have accumulated enormous fortunes from these frauds. The citizens are fully determined to put such end to them, if they do not succeed in getting their money back.

Aid for Chicago.—The very day that the news of the destruction of Chicago was spread over the country, from all quarters came offers of sympathy and material aid. The city council of Buffalo immediately voted $100,000, the officers of the International Industrial Exhibition raised 10,000 loaves of bread, and the bakeries were set to work night and day to prepare food for the destitute city. Announcements from all parts of the West poured in promising liberal subscriptions of money and supplies of all necessaries. Cincinnati at once sent a train of several car loads of provisions, and the council appropriated $100,000. St. Louis also sent a train of supplies. Hundreds of other cities and towns at once applied themselves to the same charitable object. Mayor Gaston of our city at once called a meeting of citizens to devise instant plans of relief. At the meeting a large amount of money was subscribed, $100,000 were at once remitted.

The Faneuil Hall Meeting.—

The very place to hold a general relief meeting for Chicago was Faneuil Hall, the old Cradle of Liberty. At that hour it was baptized anew by the angel of charity. The Mayor presided; resolutions proffering aid and sympathy to a suffering population were passed; speeches were made by Senator Rev. Edward E. Hale, large general committee of citizens was raised to collect funds; contributions of money were openly offered; and a subscription paper was got in readiness, to which the people at large, rich and poor, were invited, to come and subscribe to according to their ability. The offers of money, food, transportation, and other aids that were made on the spot, were the best evidence needed of the earnest spirit that was aroused among our fellow citizens.

The Fire Subdued Monday Night.—

The welcome news came Tuesday forenoon that a heavy rain fell over the city of Chicago, and by its aid and that of the many fire companies arriving from other places, the ravages of the conflagration were overcome.

It was stated in Wednesday's despatches that it was estimated that over five hundred people lost their lives in the fire.

The fire is said to have been set by a boy carrying a kerosene light into a stable on Sunday evening, and it was kicked over by a cow scattering the burning fluid.

In the midst of all the terrors of the burning city, several men were discovered setting fire to houses in districts yet untouched. They were arrested and summarily shot or hung.

Protestant Episcopal Convention.—

The Biennial Convention of the Episcopal church in the United States has been in session for more than a week past in Baltimore, and has attracted an unusual measure of public attention, both from the marked character of those attending it and the importance of the questions that are before it for discussion, definition and settlement. Fifty venerable prelates compose the House of Bishops, which sits with closed doors and sends its certified proceedings down to the clerical and lay delegates. The ritualistic innovations that have caused so much comment of late, and the proposed alteration of the Book of Common Prayer have given rise to so much discussion in places of influence, that these two subjects have been seriously taken hold of by the House of Bishops, whose report on both, with all related matters, is a paper of wide importance. The influences of the deliberations of this body upon the welfare of the church is hardly to be estimated. The sessions of the convention have been graced and dignified additionally by the presence of several distinguished divines of the church of England.

Ignorant Sneering.—

The New York *Nation* has undertaken to assert that the "shrewd, hard-headed" class of old-fashioned New England farmers had pretty much run out in Massachusetts, and that an "amateur" class of farmers had succeeded them, who would utterly fail to supply their place. And the *Nation* adds, that agriculture in Massachusetts is dead; that railroads had killed it; and that nothing but "amateur'l farming was in order now, and would very shortly disappear from sight. The *Nation* evidently has the jaundice. Does it believe that the old fashioned way of going to mill with a peck of corn, of spinning and weaving at home, of making everything on the farm that is used in consumption, is better than the high special farming made necessary by railroads? Is that the "shrewd and hard-headed" style of living and laboring which it affects? The Massachusetts farmer of today finds markets all about him. He cannot go amiss in choosing what he will raise on his land. Railroads have revolutionized his system, not destroyed it. What the *Nation* sneers at is "amateur" farming is precisely what has been made necessary by changed conditions of labor, more numerous and populous markets, and the facilities which railroads are multiplying every day.

BARNSTABLE COUNTY FAIR.

The twenty-eight annual Fair of the Barnstable County Agricultural Society, was held at Barnstable on the 3d and 4th instants. The attendance was very large, and the weather, setting aside the high wind on the second day, could not have been better. The Exhibition was creditable in the highest degree. The vegetables were in great variety of excellent quality and astonishing for their size and weight. The fruit exhibited was large for the season and much better than the displays made by several other county exhibitions which we have visited. The cattle and horses were creditable to Cape Cod, and would have been to any other section of Massachusetts.

The Barnstable County Fair has for many years had one peculiar feature. It has devoted one day, or a portion thereof, to a display of the military of the State. At different times, leading military companies of the State have been invited to visit the fairs in their military capacity; one year it was the "Ancient and Honorables," another year the "Tigers," and this year it was "Fusileers." Taking the first train from Boston, they reached Barnstable about noon, and from the farthest sands of Cape Cod the people had gathered at the depot to give them a welcome. The Company under command of Captain Snow, never looked better. At the depot they formed in procession and escorted Major Phinney, Dr. Geo. B. Loring, Hon. Daniel Needham, Gen. Wm. Schouler, and a large number of other persons on foot and in carriages to the elegent residence of Major Phinney; where rest was taken and the line of march again resumed for the fair ground. The Society have a large building two stories high, the upper story being used for a dining hall and the lower for the exhibition of [illegible] vegetables. The company was at once escorted to the dining hall, where plates were laid and dinner prepared for some four hundred persons. All the seats were filled and more room was needed to accommodate the large number of persons who desired to partake of the banquet and enjoy the banquet exercises. After prayer by the Rev. Mr. Edes, and an original song by the whole company, the dinner was eaten by the [illegible] dinner being over with a good relish. The [illegible] company to order and introduced Major Phinney as the toast master of the occasion. The Major read a sentiment complimentary to Dr. Geo. B. Loring, who responded in an eloquent speech.

After reviewing the condition of agriculture in this country from its early history, and stating what agricultural prosperity was in the early times, and alluding to the financial prosperity of the country, which had always attended the development of agriculture, Dr. Loring went on to discuss the American system of landholding as the best system known on earth. He referred to the attempt that had been made in France to introduce a system of small landholding there, and attributed its failure to the low, social and civil condition of the people. He then alluded to the endeavors which are being made in England to adopt a more liberal system of landholding there. He reviewed a speech made by Lord Derby at a recent meeting of the Liverpool and Manchester Agricultural Society, on the rental and land question in England. It is a remarkable fact that, in the opinion of this leading English statesman, tenant farming has not developed the agricultural resources of that kingdom as it should have done, and it is evident that, in the opinion of the wisest men there, some other system is desirable. If, then, England would reform her system of landholding, let her do it with entire regard to that popular progress which is making such strides among her people.

After Dr. Loring had concluded his remarks Major Phinney said that they had was the Commissioner from the State of Vermont to the great International Exposition in Germany, in the year 1863, and who won for America on that occasion the proud distinction of successfully competing with Europe and the world in the production of Merino sheep. He then called on the *Hon. Daniel Needham*, to give the company an account of his commission and its great success.

Col. Needham said that it was with great reluctance that he spoke after Dr. Loring—but in obedience to the call, he would respond. Col. Needham then recited the account of his trip across the Atlantic; saying that everywhere he was laughed at for taking Merinoes to Germany as that country had been for more than half a century the great depot of the Merino sheep. But the sheep were put on Exhibition, and side by side with sheep belonging to the Emperor, Napoleon and other distinguished breeders they excited but little attention. The placard over their pens, "Vermont Merinoes," commanded little attention and very few of the thousands who read the placard had any idea where Vermont was. But the Committee gave the sheep due attention and in their awards gave the Vermont Merinoes first and second premiums greatly to the disgust and annoyance of the European breeders. He said that these Merinoes were bred by George Campbell of Vermont. We regret that our space will not permit us to give the details of Col. Needham's interesting account, in which every American may justly take pride. Suffice it to say that since these premiums were awarded in Europe, Merino sheep have been sent from Vermont in large numbers, at great prices, to Australia and other distant portions of the world. At the conclusion of Col. Needham's speech, Prof. Dimick, of Williamstown, gave an account of his love of agriculture and the interest which every true man should have in the occupation upon which all other occupations depends. Hon. George Marston and Gen. Wm. Schouler also responded briefly to sentiments offered.

After the dinner, Maj. Phinney gave a reception at his house to the military, invited guests and all the people. Speeches were made by Dr. Loring, Gen. Schouler and other gentlemen on the occasion. Everything passed off pleasantly and all said the twenty-eighth annual fair was a success.

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

The following premiums were awarded: L. L. Goodspeed of Barnstable, best stallion; W. Chester Hallet of Yarmouth, second best. Ploughman. First, Russell Hinckley of Barnstable; second, Lemuel S. Jones.

Sheep. First and second to the Bacon farm. Swine. To the same.

Working oxen. First premium, $6, to Washington Bursley for six year olds; second, $5, to Lemuel Jones of Barnstable; third, $4, to Charles C. Jenkins of Barnstable.

Fat cattle. First, to Isaac Parker; second, Chapman Whelden of Barnstable.

Bulls. For best Jersey, first to Barnstable; second, L. L. Goodspeed, for Ayrshire.

Butter. First to Bacon farm, second to Mrs. Nathan Edson.

Best cheese. Charles Freeman.

Cranberries. First, Gorham Hallet of Yarmouth; second, Thomas Howes, Jr., of Dennisport.

Best lot of pears, W. & E. H. Eldridge of Barnstable, John Eldridge of Yarmouth.

Cranberries. First, James B. Crocker of Yarmouthport.

Grapes. Oliver Hallett of Yarmouthport. The affair closed with a ball.

MORE STEAMERS FOR BOSTON.—In order to accommodate their constant increasing business, the managers of the Cunard Line intend soon to run two steamers a week from this port. Their imports, large as they are now exceeded by their exports, and large quantities of freight are left behind by every steamer for want of room.

☞ You will always hear men who know what to eat, and how to dine, calling for the Halford Table Sauce at all the best hotels.

GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO!

The City Almost Entirely Consumed

100,000 PEOPLE HOMELESS.

$200,000,000 Property Destroyed.

Last Saturday night a destructive fire occured in the eastern part of Chicago which swept away a large number of wooden buildings, tenement houses &c., and destroyed a large amount of property. Before that was entirely got under, on Sunday another conflagration broke out in the west part of the city which burned all day Monday and through that night, and destroyed all the best part of the city. The flames spread with such rapidity that the fire department was p rfectly powerless to oppose them, and they had an unobstructed away over the doomed city. On Monday telegrams were flashed over the country that the whole city was in flames, ten thousand buildings were destroyed, including all the most solid business part of the city, and 150,000 people were wandering houseless and hungry in the streets. By and by communication ceased by reason of the destruction of the telegraph offices, and despatches were sent from extemporized and other stations near the city. We give below some of the associated press despatches, from which the reader can faintly realize the terrors of the terrible conflagration.

CHICAGO, OCT. 9, NOON.—The whole business portion of this city is in ashes, from Harrison street north to Chicago avenue and east on the river to Lake avenue. The fire sweeps a distance of three miles in length to a mile or a mile and a half in width. Every hotel, bank, express office, telegraph office, theatre and newspaper office, with all the wholesale houses in the city have been totally destroyed. Many thousand [illegible] and the water works have been destroyed. Early this morning the wind was blowing a perfect gale from the southwest, with a sky of brass. No one can tell what the end will be. The only salvation for the remainder of the city is in the wind keeping in the present direction. Fifty thousand people are homeless, and not of them is a destitute condition. The unburned streets for miles are lined with household goods. No one dare think what the loss of life may be. The flames swept through the city with the rapidity of a prairie fire, and many must have perished. The Western Union Telegraph has succeeded in getting up a few wires from a hastily improvised office in the southern part of the city, establishing communication in nearly all directions. Munificent offers of assistance are coming from nearly every quarter.

CHICAGO, OCT. 9, P. M.—The awful work of destruction still goes on with relentless fury, from Harrison street on the south to Division street on the north and from the river to the lake—an area of four miles long by one mile wide. The flames have swept everything before them. It is estimated that at least one hundred thousand people are homeless and in a suffering condition. The streets in the districts still unburned are lined for miles with such household goods as have been saved from destruction. The most generous offers of assistance—money, food, or anything wanted—are coming in from almost every city and town throughout the country, by telegraph. The Mayor has responded to several offers, and asking that cooked food be sent, as many are homeless. Firemen are on their way from Cincinnati, St. Louis and other cities. The water works are entirely destroyed. Buildings are being blown up on the line of the fire to arrest its progress.

CHICAGO, OCT. 9, 5:30 P. M.—It is believed that the spread of the fire southward has been stayed at Harrison street, but on the north side there is no diminution of its fury, and that entire division of the city is evidently doomed to utter destruction. There are grave fears that the flames may spread to the west side of the north branch of the river, and the inhabitants of the streets nearest the river are already moving to places of supposed greater safety. The Western Union Telegraph Company has now six wires working, east and south, running into a temporary office at the corner of State and Sixteenth streets. The Northwestern Railroad Company is running trains on both of its branches, which are crowded with fleeing citizens.

It is impossible now to give, even approximately, a correct statement of the loss, but [illegible] the former who it is stated saving [illegible] only seventy-five dollars street, in the South Division, and one on Randolph street, in the West Division, are destroyed; all the wholesale stores, all the retail establishments, the Post Office, Court House, Chamber of Commerce, every hotel on the South Division, except the Michigan Avenue Hotel, which, standing on the extreme southern limit, escaped, though it is badly scorched; every newspaper office (the *Tribune* building, which was supposed to be fire-proof, finally succumbed); every theatre, the six largest elevators, the immense depots of the Michigan Southern and Illinois Central Railroads, both the passenger and freight depots of the latter; more than a score of churches and much shipping in the river—all were destroyed. Men, who were millionaires yesterday morning, are nearly penniless to day—but more terrible than this is the awful certainty that many human beings have perished in the flames. How many, no one can tell, and perhaps no one will ever be able to tell. But it is known that some have perished, and it is feared that the victims of the fiery monster may be counted by scores. Hundreds of horses and cows have burned in the stables, and on the north side hundreds of animals, though released from confinement, were so bewildered and confused by the sea of fire which surrounded them, that they rushed wildly to and fro, uttering cries of fright and pain until scorched and killed. Any attempt at a description of the appalling scenes would be idle. The simple facts that the once great city of Chicago is destroyed; that hundreds of millions of active capital here have vanished, and that nearly one-third of Chicago's inhabitants are homeless, dependent, are enough. Anyattempt to embellish would be mockery. As this awful day draws to a close thousands of anxious eyes watch the cloud of smoke which rolls over the burned district, with evident dread that a sudden change of the wind may turn the flames upon that portion of the city yet spared. There seems, however, little cause of apprehension, and reinforcements of firemen from other cities are constantly arriving. Col. Wilson, Superintendent of the Telegraph, is in receipt of despatches from the leading cities, announcing that aid is being despatched immediately. Col. Clowry of St. Louis telegraphs that $70,000 is subscribed by the merchants there. Cincinnati promises $200,000, and Cleveland is proportionately generous. All this and a great deal more will be needed to relieve the immediate pressing wants. Everything is being done by Gen. Stager and his assistants to keep up communication for the citizens and press with the world outside. Col. Williams, Superintendent at Cincinnati, reported promptly for duty this morning. About three-fourths of the United States mails were saved and taken possession of by Col. Wood, of the Post Office service.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9, 6 P. M.—The progressing flames in the South Division were finally arrested about 1 P. M. This was accomplished by the blowing up and demolishing of several buildings on Wabash Avenue and Congress Street by Gen. Sheridan. The district turned over in the South Division embraces everything from the main branch of the Chicago river to the lake, and covering about one hundred blocks. This district contained all the leading business houses, banks, insurance offices, hotels, etc., also a large number of churches, including St. Mary's, Trinity, First and Second Presbyterian, St. Paul's, Swedenborgian, etc. The Methodist Church on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Congress Street is saved. The Michigan Avenue Hotel on the corner of Michigan Avenue and Congress Street, and Congress Hall, directly adjoining on Congress Street, are saved. Michigan Terrace, on Michigan Avenue, embracing the residences of Governor Bross, Hon. John Young Scammon, S. C. Griggs, Peter L. Ross and other leading citizens, is completely destroyed. All the newspaper establishments are completely wiped out. The *Tribune* building resisted the fire several hours, but finally yielded, and McVicker's Theatre, immediately adjoining, which also withstood the raging element, finally succumbed. In fact, all the buildings in the district which claimed to the fireproof, shared the fate of those which could make no such claims. The Great Central depot at the foot of Lake Street became a heap of ruins about 9 A. M. Most of the passenger cars of the Michigan Central, Burlington and Quincy and Illinois Central Railroads were moved on the breakwater and saved. West of Clark Street, in the Southern Division, the fire extended south as far as Polk Street, sweeping everything before it. The distance burned over here is some three blocks wide and over half a mile in length, numbering about twenty blocks. The buildings were generally cheap, embracing saloons, small shops, poor residences, etc. The district burned over on the West Side commences at Taylor Street, running from DeKoven Street to Jefferson Street, thence four or five blocks north and then moved diagonally towards the river, and finally the western limit was established on Clinton Street, reaching thence to the river. It moved in this time northward until it reached the Northwestern and West Side of the depot, where it stopped, the distance of nearly two miles from where it started. The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago and Chicago and St. Louis Railroad depots were in this district, and are destroyed. Almost the entire Northern Division, from the main branch of the Chicago river to Lincoln Park, nearly two miles in length and one mile in width, is completely destroyed, including water works and a large number of elegant churches, etc. This district embraces almost the entire business portion of the city. For miles and miles in every direction side walks, lawns, vacant lots, front yards of the dwellings, are filled with people who escaped from the burning houses, taking with them only a scanty amount of furniture and clothing. The sight is harrowing. These people must receive immediate relief, or many will perish from exposure and starvation. It is impossible to make an approximate estimate of the entire loss, but it can scarcely fall below $150,000,000. Of course but a fraction of this amount can be recovered from insurance. Gen. Sheridan has to-day telegraphed to St. Louis, to the Missouri depot there, to send at once 100,000 rations. He has also telegraphed to Omaha for two companies of soldiers and 100 tents. He will also order another 100,000 rations. Mayor Mason has issued a proclamation calling a meeting tonight in the West Division to see what the citizens can do for the relief of the sufferers. There are at least 200,000 persons who know not where they can get enough provisions to satisfy their hunger. Later rumors from the North Division say that the devastation is less widespread than heretofore reported.

THE PRICE OF MILK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The farmers of a part of Middlesex Co., and along the line of the Fitchburg road, and one of its branches into New Hampshire, have for the past fortnight been somewhat agitated over a proposed reduction in the price of milk. The milkmen generally have been willing to pay last winter's price; they know and admit with the short crop of hay milk cannot be raised for less than last winter's price, but it remained for a contractor on the Fitchburg road, the Butler par excellence of the contracting fraternity, arbitrarily to fix a price that the farmers should be compelled to receive for a product of their own farms, and raised exclusively with their own capital, that price to be 36 1-2 cents a can of nominally 8 qts. but holding nearly 9 qts. a reduction of [illegible] per can from last winter's price. This benefitted by this reduction, the consumer who pays a fair price for what the farmer sells "pure milk," or the farmer who raises it? Either it goes into the pocket of this same contractor or it is divided by him with the man he sells to at wholesale, these two men the consumer should know stand between him and the producer.

Within the past two weeks there have been several meetings of the milk association to regulate the price. It was finally fixed by them the same as last winter, and the farmers were supposed to be bound in honor to abide by the decision of the Association. The raisers on the upper end of the route are disposed to do so, but the farmers of Concord and vicinity, who have talked the loudest about their rights, are the first to succumb and to acknowledge themselves beaten by this trader on other people's capital.

Oct. 7th 1871. LINCOLN.

NILSSON IN OPERA.

The musical season in Boston opened on Monday night, at the Boston Theatre, with the performance of Gounod's opera of Faust, with Christine Nilsson in her celebrated part of Margu-rite, assisted by Miss Anna Louire Cary, contralto, M. Victor Capoul, a new tenor, and M. Josef Jamet, who took the difficult part of Mephistopheles. The house was crowded from floor to dome, and all the standing room was occupied. Such a welcome operatic troupe. Ladies were dressed in evening toilet and the house presented a most magnificent appearance. The orchestra and chorus were the most perfect ever presented in opera to a Boston audience, and the whole performance was a most triumphant success. Miss Nilsson performed her part to the entire satisfaction of a critical audience, and in every scene and air showed that she was the queen of the lyric stage. Miss Cary and the other principal performers made a profound impression. The tenor, Mr. Capoul, gave most unqualified satisfaction in the power and quality of his voice and his superior acting of his part. The performance of Faust was the most satisfactory ever given in the city, and the operatic season was inaugurated most brilliantly. Its success is already sure.

MONEY AFFAIRS AND BUSINESS.

Money continues quite abundant at the usual sources of supply, and the leading features of the market are unchanged, except as regards the future, the feeling is more unsettled. The demands are active and the rates firm. The better qualities of business paper pass readily at 6@7 per cent, and call loans continue to rule at 5 to 6 per cent, principally at the latter figure.

In New York money closed easy at 4 to 5 per cent with money balances left over which could not be loaned at those rates.

The gold market has shown little variation during the week, closing at about 114; sterling exchange closed weak.

Government securities ruled strong with a fair amount of transactions, the market closing firm.

The stock market remains quiet with no features of special interest; the demand for investment is light with little speculative action in the fancy stocks.

There has been a quickened movement in business circles during the past few weeks, and in all the leading articles of produce, and general merchandise, prices have been well sustained. The trade in domestic cotton goods is fair, with the prospects of a further improvement as the season advances. In relation to the cotton crop, accounts are variable. From the south the prospects for the rice crop are highly favorable. There is the promise of an abundant corn crop, which insures another favorable season for pork.

The United States Treasury balances at the close of business September 29th were currency $11,962,000,29, coin $9,404,755,31, of which $16-523,000 were in coin certificates.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.—See notice in another column.

MARRIAGES.

In Dorchester District, Oct 5, by Rev. J. H. Morrison D. D. Henry B. Davis of Cambridge to Lucy T. McKeachy, daughter of J. B. McKeachy, Esq.

In New York Oct 4, by Rev. Dr. Houghton; John Chatfield of New York to Adelia Eveline Edwards of Boston.

In Irvington on Hudson, Oct 4, by Rev. H. W. Pullman, D. D. of New York, John R. Bullard of this city to Miss Mary A. Richards, daughter of Mr. A. C. Richards.

In Newton; Oct 7, by Rev. J. W. Wellman, George H. Howard of Boston to Margaret Alice Gleason of Westfield.

In Newton Lower Falls, 27th ult. by Rev. R. F. Putnam, Mr. Henry K. Parker to Miss Marietta Cate, both of Newton.

In Newton Highlands, 4th inst, Rev. M. M. Cutter of Ashland officiating, Mr. Bernard Billings of Ashland to Miss Lizzie T. Burbank of Newton Highlands.

In Everett, 7th inst. by Rev. Thomas S. Lambert, D. D. Mr. Hiram C. Harriman, of this city to Miss A. Theresa Boyle of St. John, N. B.

In Longwood, 7th inst, by Rev. Dr. Hedge, Bryant P. Tilden of Boston to Gertrude B., daughter of the late Thomas B. Fox.

In St. John, N. B., 28th ult. by Rev. G. M. W. Carney, Captain George L. Snelling to Miss Isadore W. Pearson, both of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Oct 3, Eliza White, 67.

In this city, 6th inst, Mrs. Catharine D Allen, wife of Rev. R. G. Allen.

In this city, Oct 7, Mrs. Sarah Hawes, widow of F. Hawes.

In Charlestown, 7th inst, Mrs. Christina Lindsey, widow of the late Ichabod Lindsey, 87 yrs 6 mos.

In East Somerville, Oct 6, John Campbell, 86 yrs 5 mos.

In East Cambridge, Oct 5, Mary Susan Rand, wife of G. Hartwell Rand, 32.

In Lancaster, Sept. 30, at the residence of his father, Thomas H. Warren of Burlington, Vt, 41 yrs 10 mos.

In Northboro', Oct 8, David Densmore, 78.

In Milford, N. H. Oct 7, Mr. T. T. Farnsworth, 79.

In Long Island, Boston Harbor, on Saturday noon, 7th inst, Colonel Peter Dumber.

In Dorchester, 8th inst, Nancy G. Loach, 75.

In Melrose, 7th inst. Captain Elisah W. Cobb, 48 yrs.

In Everett, 8th inst, Mrs. Mary B. Emmons, wife of Daniel Emmons, 45 yrs, 8 mos.

In Nantucket, 8th inst, Eunice, widow of Tristram Coleman, 80 6th inst, George M. Clark, 61.

In Chelsea, Sunday, Oct 8, suddenly, Rev. Joseph S. Eldridge, 73 yrs 9 mos.

In Cohasset, Oct 3, Eleazer James, 79.

In Sherborn, Sept 24, Mrs. Mary Leland, widow of the late James Leland, 83 yrs 8 mos 16 dys.

In Wenham, 4th, inst, Elizabeth, widow of Downing Gentler, 87.

Music and the Drama.

THE CONCERT SEASON.

The lovers of good music in all its forms, operatic and orchestral, vocal and instrumental, classical and popular, are promised an unusual season of enjoyment, for the fall and winter. There have been already several high class entertainments given by well known artists, and they are but the forerunners of the rich treasures that are in store for us. Mr. PECK, the superintendent of Music Hall, a gentleman distinguished for his taste and judgment of what will meet the popular demands, sometime ago inaugurated a series of popular concerts for the purpose of giving the public an opportunity of hearing some of our most gifted vocalists at a low rate of admission fee. In this commendable object he has been assisted by the co-operation of Miss *Adelaide Phillips*, Miss *Clara Louise Kellogg*, and other notabilities of local fame. His course has met with entire success, and the great public have crowded the Music Hall, showing the popular appreciation of the enterprise. Miss Phillips and Miss Kellogg have won new praise for their aid in these efforts to raise and gratify the taste of the million for a higher class of music than has before been afforded at so reasonable charges. Mr. Peck's last concerts will be given on the 27th and 28th inst., and Miss Phillips and others will take part in both the performances.

Madame Parepa Rosa has given a series of three miscellaneous concerts of a high order, in which she has introduced to the public some of the principal artists of the troupe with which she proposes in January to give us a season of English opera. The name and fame of Madame Parepa Rosa, and the well known talent possessed in her accompaniments, will make her series of operatic performances among the most enjoyable we shall have.

The operatic season was magnificently opened on Monday night, at the Boston Theatre, by the first appearance in this country in opera, of *Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson*, in the great opera of *Faust*, supported in the principal parts by Miss Louise Cary, and a number of male and female artists heretofore entirely new to the musical public of America. This series of performances has been long announced, and has awakened the highest expectations of the musical public. The tickets have been taken up at unusually high prices with a zeal and enthusiasm which promises a most successful season.

The performance of Faust was followed on Tuesday evening by *The Barber of Seville*, introducing Mlle. Marie Leon Duval and Signor Ronconi. On Wednesday, the beautiful music of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given with Miss Nilsson as Lucia, and Signor Brignoli as Edgar. Whose appearance after a long interval was rapturously welcomed by the audience.

The *Harvard Musical Association* has announced its annual series of ten symphony concerts, on alternate Thursday afternoons, beginning Nov. 9th, at which they will perform a number of symphonies familiar to Boston, as well as a much larger number of compositions entirely new to us. The best known names in the higher walks of musical art will be represented in their repertory. The orchestra is said to be a little fewer in number for the season, but makes up in its superior quality what it loses in strength." They will be aided by the best solo talent. It is more than probable that every ticket will be taken for the series. Carl Zerrahn will be the director, and Julius Eichberg will lead the orchestra.

The *Handel and Haydn* Society has not yet come before the public with its programme for the season, but the society was never in a more flourishing condition, and its efforts are more and more appreciated by the music loving public, year by year. They promise six oratorios, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Elijah*, St. Paul, the Messiah, and two others not named. They likewise will avail themselves as heretofore of the best solo talent to be procured.

Mr. *Leonhard* and Mr. *Eichberg* announce a series of six classical concerts, to take place on Thursday afternoons alternating with the Harvard series. Their programmes, although not yet announced, will doubtless be of the highest order and will be adapted to the most cultivated tastes.

Mr. *Perabo* will also give a series of pianoforte concerts sometime in the season. The celebrated *Mendelssohn Quintette Club*, whose concerts are the delight of a small but highly cultivated and refined circle of the musical public, will doubtless soon be in the field with their programme.

Besides the above series of concerts which are arranged to gratify the tastes of those whose cultivated ear and nice judgment demands the most finished and refined performances of the *chef d'oeuvres* of musical art, we shall doubtless from time to time, as the season advances, be favored with other musical entertainments which will serve to give variety to the above, and will be adapted to a more popular standard. The various artists and associations we have named, are able alone to give *eclat* to a season which from our present view promises to surpass the performances of previous years.

Hundreds of Millions.—One million of dollars is a sum not readily taken into the comprehension; what, then, shall be thought of the sudden destruction of property to the amount of one or two millions? It is too vast to be conceived. That is the approximate loss by the Chicago fire. One hundred millions looks small in comparison with the public debt; but it is sure that no city can hope to accumulate in a day. How long will it take to collect it once more at New Chicago? The wealth of the great states of the west will make it up in a few years.

CLOTHING.—Money can be saved by purchasing clothing at Jackman & Merrill's, 12 & 13 Dock Square, corner of Elm street, Boston. For style and quality one need go no further. See their advertisement.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A Few Questions.

Are we aware that we are alive?
Do we know what we are living for?
Do we appreciate our privileges?

CATTLE MARKET.

market this week opened steady; closed firm
ed from 6½ to 9¾. live weight off on me-
grades. The supply numbered 6,300
00 in excess of last week, and of an av-
ot so good. But few "tops" were to be
ceipts, while the offerings of medium
ger and better than last week. Coarse
almost a drug on the market and no more
d. Texans, fed and fattened either in
mmais, were taken freely by Eastern
sold nearly up in value to last week's
l steers. They were mostly disposed of

the market opened with improved
derate attendance of buyers, but up to
activity was exhibited. New Yorkers
ed to take the offerings, except at large
It was not until Brighton dealers made
into the yards, taking nearly all the
at they become sensible of the condi-
n Brighton were had places them. They
loads but they did not obtain that close
their trade demanded. But they were
ead, they could not. This morning
sales, holders were compelled to make
e equal to 9c @9¼. On premium there
t on first class prices and for choice
ive weight.
are the receipts of the week, in car
n the books of the Central railroad:

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.
.....	4	13	34
.....	—	14	30
.....	35	5	34
.....	53	32	80
.....	102	22	60
.....	135	16	27
.....	45	22	60
.....	374	124	316

is a statement of the receipts at this
Central railroad, existing stalls 17
sheep 90, and hogs 100.

This week.	Last week.	Total since Jan. 1,
..... 9,358	8,603	217,683
..... 13,800	13,491	397,800
..... 31,700	22,800	603,700

ar table of comparative value to correc-
ain ruling of the market this week —

	This week.	Last week.
.....	$6 78@7 00	$6 75@6 87
.....	6 00@6 50	6 00@6 50
.....	4 25@5 25	4 25@5 25
.....	4 25@5 25	4 75@5 35
.....	4 00@5 00	4 00@4 75
.....	2 50@4 00	2 50@4 00

Throughout the week the mar-
ill, and a large proportion of the re-
ard in first hands. On prices there is
9 off both, and only a very limited
rt. We quote sheep @6½ lambs,

ket rules 1@1-2c lower than last week.
re are 31,800 hogs, and the sales from
The ruling price is 4@6½ for State,
eders.

DELPHIA MARKET.

The offerings amounted to about 4000
full and prices are firmer; sales at
to gross for common to extra quality,
es at $5@8.25, latter for cow and calf.

mand and prices steady; sales at 8@9c
conditions.
, and prices steady; sales of 1,100 head
190 lbs net, the latter for prime corn

WOOL MARKET.

wool market has not been generally
during the past week, but up a very
bulk of transactions being confined
some few parcels of western wool, it
ve, of which sales on a small scale
the fine Connecticuts and Ohio have
immediate consumption. Prices are
, with a strong upward tendency for
ems to be deficient in supply. But
would advance in fine fleeces as would
ly in one or the other grades to con-
ve been realized for ex-
or selected lots, such as light medium

ers, as a general thing, are more dis-
ake their wants than they have been
of September. Many of them have
supplies purchased in the country
, and their necessities are now quite
have mostly ceased to look for any
ne of material which appears by
ent total last month during the dull
ks in all the seaboard markets have of
ne of material reduced, and there is no more to
from the West to fill up the gap which
them. Consumers cannot fall back
ir stocks, and must soon, we think, be-
ir supplies. — Wakeman's

STOCK OF WOOL.

ppressly for the Ploughman.

.....	114
.....	110
.....	161
.....	127
.....	141
.....	84
.....	149
.....	104
.....	77
.....	115
.....	119
.....	84
.....	112

ppressly for the Ploughman.

KITCHEN MARKET.

week ending Oct. 13, 1871.

ALL PRICES.

QUINCY MARKET.

Holden & Fish, No. 51.	Pork, Lard, &c. Corrected by Flint & Richards, No. 28.
.33 @35	Fresh Pork, ₩ ..... 10 @11
.31 @35	Clear Salt Strips.. 10 @12
.20 @23	Sliced Hams..... @..
.20 @23	Jungle Hams, ₩..... 12 @14
.16 @16	Corned Shoulders.. 9 @10
.14 @16	Briskets..... 9 @10
.10 @15	Smoked Shoulders.. 9 @10
.10 @15	Smoked Ribs..... 9 @10
.10 @15	Sausages ..... @12
.10 @15	Pigs' Feet ..... @ 4
.10 @15	Lard, ₩ ..... 10 @..
.&c.	Veal and Mutton Corrected by Hosmer & Son Nos. 9 and 11.
ons, No.	Veal, Leg..... 20 @22
51 @25	Veal, Shoulders..... @14
.00 ..	Sp'g Lamb, ₩..... 12 @20
.00 ..	Mutton, legs..... 14 @17
12 @ 16	Mutton, shoulder.. 10 @ 2
.00 ..	Fruit & Vegetables. Corrected by Hiland, Smith & Co., Nos. 97, 99 & 101.
.00 @ 20	FRUIT.
25 @ 35	Raspberries, box.....@..
.00 @ 00	Blackberries, box.....@..
.00 @ 00	Peaches, crate ..... 50 @ 75
.00 @ 00	Apples, ₩bbl..... 50 @ 75
.00 @ 00	Russet Apples 2 25 @1 50
.00 @ 00	Pine Apples, each..... @..
.00 @ 00	Pears, cook'g, ₩bbl. @..
.00 @ 00	Pears, table, doz.. 50 @ 100
.00 @ 00	Grapes—Foreign—
.00 @ 00	Bl'k Hamburg, ₩ 40 @ 60
.00 @ 00	Malaga, ₩ lb..... @..
.00 @ 00	Grapes—Native, pk. 100 @1 00
.00 @ 00	Dried Apples, ₩ ..... 6 @ 12
.00 @ 00	Peaches in cans. 37 @ 00
.00 @ 00	Whortleberr's cans 25 @ 37
.00 @ 00	Oranges, Havana ₩ doz..... 50 @ 75
.00 @ 00	Oranges, Messina ₩ doz..... 50 @..
.00 @ 00	Lemons, ₩ doz.. 37 @ 50
.00 @ 00	Cocoanuts, each.. 6 @ 12
.00 @ 00	Bananas ₩ doz.. 1 00 @ 1 50
.00 @ 00	VEGETABLES.
.00 @ 00	Potato Onions bu.. @ 4 00
.00 @ 00	Tomatos, n'w, box. 1 00@1 25
.00 @ 00	Sweet Corn, doz.. 25 @ 30
.00 @ 00	Watermelons, ..25 @ 50
.00 @ 00	Potatoes, n'w, pk. 25 @ 37
.00 @ 00	Beets, ₩ bu..... @..
.00 @ 00	Shell Beans, qt. 20 @ 25
.00 @ 00	Turnips, bbl.... @ 75
.00 @ 00	Cabbages, ₩ doz.. @ 12
.00 @ 00	Cucumbers, each. 2 @ 5
.00 @ 00	Squash, ₩ lb..... @..
.00 @ 00	Tomatoes, cans.... @ 25
.00 @ 00	Lettuce, ₩ head. 5 @ 6
.00 @ 00	Shallots, bunch.. @..
.00 @ 00	Mar. Squashes, ₩ .. @..
.00 @ 00	Mustard, ₩ peck.. @..
.00 @ 00	Carrots, ₩ bu..... @ 75
.00 @ 00	Beans, white, ₩ bush..... 75 @1 00
.00 @ 00	Onions, ₩ bush.... @ 87
.00 @ 00	Spinach, ₩ pck..35 @ 30
.00 @ 00	Cauliflowers..... 18 @ 25
.00 @ 00	Pickled Limes, gal. @ 30
.00 @ 00	Martinoes Pickles per gall ..... 60 @ 75
.00 @ 00	Green Herbs, bun.. @ 6
.00 @ 00	Sweet Cider, new, per gallon..... @ 25
.00 @ 00	Pickles ₩ gal.. 30 @ 37

SALE PRICES.

QUINCY MARKET.

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.
Corrected by C. C. Chamberlain & Co., Nos 79 BUTTER.

Lump, new.....	30 @ 45
Tub, prime new..	39 @ 39
Fair to good n'w.	33 @ 37
Common.....	18 @ 30
Tub, old.....	18 @ 30
Bakers', ₩ lb.....	10 @ 12
CHEESE	
Factory.....	12½@13½
" 2d do....	10 @ 11
Farmers' extra..	9 @ 11
Farmers', ord'y..	6 @ 8
Skim Milk, ₩ lb..	3 @ 5
EGGS.	
Eggs, fresh.....	28@ 30
" limed.....	@..

Fruit & Vegetables Corrected by Hiland, Smith & Co., Nos. 97, 99 & 101.

Cranberries—	
Country, bbl..	9 00@10 00
Cape, ₩ bbl..	9 00@11 00
Apples, Norfolk ..	@..
" Western, bbl	3 50@4 50
Potatoes, n'w bbl	2 00@ 2 50
Onions, bbl....	2 00@ 2 50
Squash, Hub..	@ 2 00
Orange, hund. Havana	@..
Messina box..	7 00@ 8 00
Lemons, box..	6 @ 7 00
White Beans ₩ bush	3 00@ 3 25
Pea beans ₩ bu	3 00@ 3 25
Pickles, bbl...	10 00@17 00

HAY MARKET.

Retail.

.....	1 85@ 2 00
.....	21 00@ 24 00
.....	1 10@ 1 20
.....	25 00@ 30

GRAIN MARKET.

Corrected by Sampson & Tenney, No. 51 & 53 N. Market St

Millet ₩ bush..	2 00@
Barley ₩ bush..	1 25@ 1 30
Buckwheat ₩ bush	1 20@
Hungarian grass Seed, ₩ bush	2 00@ 2 50
Wheat, Spring..	2 30@
₩ bush	
Rye, fall	2 00@2 05
Winter Rye ₩ bush	1 25@1 30

READ AND RUN.

—The great Chicago fire has crowded out almost every other thought from the mind, all through this eventful week. It is a national calamity.

—The insurance companies are fearful sufferers by the late burning of Chicago, and will probably be called on for not less than forty or fifty millions.

—The Episcopal Convention has been in session in Baltimore during the week, and the House of Bishops has presented a stringent report on the whole subject of Ritualism.

—The shops are all opening in the finest and most fascinating autumn styles.

—Nilsson's first appearance in opera at the Boston Theatre, last Monday evening, drew the largest and most fashionable assembly witnessed in that structure for years. It was the very flower of the receipts of the week, in car garden, for the evening, of Boston society.

—The poor girl who was walled in by the flames at the burning of the Fitchburg freight depot at Charlestown, was buried on Monday last.

—All our theatres are promptly offering benefits for the relief of the Chicago sufferers.

—The Shawmut railroad is now in process of construction through Dorchester (Ward Sixteen).

—Defaulting Paymaster Hodge has been sentenced to ten years inprisonment in the penitentiary by the military court.

—One hundred and fifty millions of dollars is the amount of lose now estimated for suffering Chicago.

—Between ten and twelve thousand houses are computed to have been destroyed in the Chicago fire.

—The prompt and generous relief offered Chicago by the cities of the country was by no means the most touchingly impressed fact of the fearful experience of the week.

—Parepa Rosa opened in opera in New York on Monday night last, and Nilsson did the same in Boston on the same night.

—The individual proffers of sums of money for the Chicago sufferers, in our several large cities, formed one of the most instructive features of the universal expression of sympathy.

—It was a vile kerosene lamp that caused the Chicago conflagaration. A woman went out into the stable in the evening to milk a cow, carrying a lighted kerosene lamp with her. That was the fatal spark that swept a proud commercial city out of existence in thirty-six hours.

—Hundreds of despatches were sent by individuals in Chicago to friends at the East, stating that they had made their escape in nothing but their clothes.

—The insurance companies of New York many of them stagger heavily under the burden of these stupendous losses by fire. Numbers will have to wind up business altogether.

—The people of Chicago formed camps along the border of Lake Michigan, and the utmost order prevailed. Neither robberies nor rough conduct were complained of.

—Dr. Bellows has been lecturing here on the influence of Fiction.

—A speech of Rev. Dr. Vinton's (of this city) in the Episcopal Convention at Baltimore, has attracted much admiration.

—Five thousand dollars were raised at a meeting of the Shoe and Leather dealers of this city, in just five minutes, for the relief of Chicago. Gov. Claflin subscribed five hundred dollars.

—The excitement in the Gold Exchange of New York, on Tuesday, was equal to that attending the fiercest days of its history.

—The railroad trains that usually enter Chicago, now connect with the other lines by making a circuit outside.

—Seventy thousand dollars is what Nilsson had invested in real estate in Chicago.

—Rhode Island rejected the three constitutional amendments she was called to decide on last Monday.

—Yung Sam was a heavy loser in funds by the great fire, but it is universally supposed that he is able to stand it.

—The grain market feels the effect of the Chicago fire, and prices have advanced.

—It is doubtful if much more will be said at present about Beacon Hill reservoir.

—Cincinnati has been dedicating a public water fountain, with a vast amount of jollity.

—The great fire in London, in 1666, raged for four days and nights, and laid waste five sixths of the city. But it was all rebuilt in four years.

—The preparations for the corner stone ceremonies at the new Post Office, on Monday, have been going forward all the week. The President will be here to take part in them personally.

—A Swedish frigate is now lying in our waters.

—We can now understand of what immense aid telegraphs, railroads, and expresses are to the commonest needs of civilization. They are all that kept the people of Chicago for days from starving.

—Between one-third and one-half of the assessed valuation of the city of Chicago is lost.

—All the insurance companies of Chicago and Illinois are believed to be wiped out, capital and assets, by the great fire.

—But one colt out of thirty thoroughbreds proves fast, according to English experience.

—Kansas is now styled "the cathartic State" since she has embarked so extensively in the cultivation of castor beans.

—The root of the Italian sunflower is said to contain equal nourishment with the potato, and they think some of cultivating it in California.

—Grape leaves are said to make a yeast superior to hops, with none of the unpleasantness of the latter.

—Of the entire German population, a million and a half are reported to be able to read English.

—The public pleasure grounds within London comprise thirty-five hundred acres.

—The great salt lake bed of Texas has a circumference of five miles, and is making salt continually.

—The "milk sickness" along the course of the Wabash River is a mystery and a terror to those who live along its course.

—A cargo of fossil ivory has been brought down to San Francisco from Alaska.

—A new style of fan, of satin and lace, has appeared, that takes the shape of a butterfly when opened.

—Canada merchants and ship owners are trying to see if something cannot be done for the Welland Canal.

—The reports of the Committee of New York citizens on the frauds are being rendered to the people.

—The Russian Minister at Washington authorizes a spirited public denial of all the base rumors with which he has been calumniated, and says that the truth will come out in due time.

—Bonapartism has shown itself unexpectedly strong in the recent French elections.

—Mr. Seward returns home from his journey round the world, a broken hulk in body, but clear in intellect and strong of will, making still as delightful an entertainer as one would wish to fall in with.

—It is proposed in England to erect a national memorial to Dickens.

—The famous Crosby Opera House has disappeared in Chicago with all the rest.

—Material for making first-chop meerschaum pipes has been discovered in Patagonia.

—A Detroit resident was knocked down by three horses in succession, and gave it up at last with his life.

—Gen. Sheridan made himself very efficient in relieving the distress at Chicago.

—California offers Clara Louise Kellogg fifty thousand dollars to come over there and do her best singing.

—The yellow pumpkins lie up yellow as gold in the corn fields, under these autumn suns.

—An owl in Rhode Island got caught in a trap set for it, and cleared the coop, trap and all.

—The latest fancy is for gentleman to wear to parties scarfs of the same color of the dresses of the ladies whom they escort.

—Minnesota is digging up fossil shark bones, which signifies that water was certainly as high up as there once.

—A veteran drummer, who claims to have had something stirring to do with every war died a few days ago in North Carolina. They live forever down there, any way.

—A lamp wick that will burn five years is credited to the ingenuity of some modern Frenchman; but who will be find that is going to dispose it?

—Think of a hundred and fifty thousand persons, as at Chicago, houseless and homeless, without food or other clothing than what was on their backs!

—The murderer Wilson was taken from Wethersfield State Prison to the county jail in Hartford last week. Yesterday was the day fixed for his execution.

—A new dance of some kind is sadly wanted by salutary society,—the old ones are all kicked out.

—Mauve tinted note paper is the new direction for letter writing mourners.

—People along the Atlantic coast fretted themselves over the tidal wave to no purpose.

—A farmer in Minnesota lost his own life by fire, in his anxiety to save those of his swine.

THE ENGLISH HARVEST.

(From the Saturday Review.)

The wheat crop of 1871 in this country has been subject to a long succession of evil influences of an uncommon nature, and it should not be a matter of surprise to find that the result is a poor one. It was apparent a couple of months ago, as we then pointed out, that the frequent alternations of frost, thaws and rain in the winter had injured, and in many places destroyed the young plant, that the late summer frosts during the blooming period had placed the yield of what remained in great jeopardy, even if there should be the finest weather for the maturing and ingathering of the corn, and that it was scarcely possible that the wheat crop of 1871 could reach an average. July and the early part of August gave a spell of fine weather, and its appearance there was a promise of a better yield than had been thought possible: and the brilliant sunshine gave hope that all the grain crops might be garnered in a dry state. From various causes, however, even now in the middle of September a large quantity remains in the fields in the midland northern districts. The chief cause of the delay has been the scarcity of labor. The demand for reaping machines has been enormous, notwithstanding that they could not be used in fields where the crop was laid and the straw was twisted, as was unfortunately too frequently the case this year. In those fields the slower process of cutting by the sickle had to be resorted to; even where machine reaping was practised, it has been in many districts impossible to obtain the hands necessary simply to tie the sheaves as fast as the machine cut; so that, after being cut, the grain has had to lie in swath sometimes for many days. Laborers consequently have exacted their own prices, and farmers have also universally failed to get the extra number of harvest hands they required—a proof, if any further proof were wanting, of the ample demand for labor, whether skilled or unskilled, now existing in this country. But, unfortunately, through this scarcity of laborers the sunny hours were lost; harvesting is an operation which must be completed just when the favorable week arrives; and many a farmer has had to grieve over the loss of the golden color of his sheaves, which has been exposed to the rain of the past fortnight through his inability to obtain hands to put them under cover.

It may be gathered generally from the agricultural reports that the harvest is an irregular one. On the whole, we fear that an estimate which sets the yield at four-fifths of that of an average year does not err on the side of setting it too low. Mr. J. B. Lawes of Rothemstead, who has for many years published accurate accounts of the yield of certain experimental fields where wheat has been grown twenty years in succession without change of condition as to manure, and of other fields where the seed and manure have been selected with a view to grow the fullest crop of the season gives most deplorable account of the yield of the latter fields, as compared with those of the same varieties of wheat in 1869 and 1870—the yield of 1871 being only about three-fifths of the average of 1869 and 1870. But where wheat has been grown constantly, the deficiency is not so great. This writer assumes the deficiency of the crop throughout the kingdom to be six bushels per acre, or one-fifth, nearly corresponding with the result of his crop where wheat has been grown constantly. But it is impossible for several weeks yet to obtain information from a sufficiently large area, and of a sufficient number of varieties, to make an estimate which can be regarded as possibly at all trustworthy. So far all that can be said is that the wheat crop does not appear, from the few accounts of threshings obtainable, to exceed four-fifths of an average. Opinions differ largely as to what the average produce of the country is, but if we assume it to be what, perhaps, the majority of those who have dealt with the subject mean it to be,—namely, thirty bushels per acre,—a deficiency of six bushels per acre means an extra importation of some two and a-half millions of quarters. And as our average importation is about eight million quarters of wheat, it follows that up to next harvest there will be required some ten and a-half millions of quarters of foreign wheat. Any quantity that may now be stored in this country would of course have to be educated from this estimate of required importations. It appears, however, to be generally agreed that the stock in farmers' hands of old wheat is nearly or quite exhausted, and that, although there are in granary in the ports of the United Kingdom very considerable stocks of wheat, yet of these a large proportion is of corn of poor quality, or that has been damaged in transit. Yet, if the country is to suffer from scarcity, it will have to be less choice in the quality of its bread, so that sooner or later all will be consumed. And it must also be taken into account that farmers, having been delayed in their harvest, have also been delayed in bringing the produce to market; so that consumption will be a month later than usual in falling on the new corn. Consequently, if the 1873 harvest be at the ordinary period, there will be only eleven months' consumption, instead of twelve, to fall on the harvest of 1871. A twelfth part of an average crop is about a million quarters, and if it be reckoned that there are a million quarters in store, we should be able, with little more than ordinary importations, to tide over until another crop becomes available. But the consumption of bread varies as harvests vary, and it is necessary to consider what the people are likely to eat the coming year. There is no question that the more they earn the more they spend; and it is impossible to doubt, on reading the trade reports from all parts of the country, and of every branch of trade, that there has scarcely ever been greater universal prosperity, more general employment, more wages distributed, or a greater rate of wages per individual. But the extra expenditure is devoted to the purchase of meat and luxuries rather than of bread. This is the chief reason for the present high price of meat. It is not on account so much of its scarcity that meat commands such high prices, but rather because it is in such universal demand. The more meat is eaten, however, the less is the demand for bread, because meat becomes substitute for bread. And if there were such a crop of potatoes as that of last year, we should anticipate a less than ordinary consumption of bread. But potatoes, like wheat, have partially failed this year; disease of different kinds has destroyed much of the crop, and it is certain that potatoes will neither be plentiful nor cheap, as they were last year. What is lacking in potatoes must be supplied by bread, so that we estimate that the consumption of bread will be on a very full scale. It seems to be clear, therefore, that importations must be made to an extent larger than usual, even if we consume every pound of home grown wheat available. And no doubt the current prices are high enough to attract the produce of the whole world, and to pay the cost of its conveyance to this country.

There are, however, other people to be provided for besides ourselves; there are others who have had bad harvests as well as the English. France, by reason of the want of horses in the autumn and winter to till the soil, by reason of the alternate frosts and thaws which injured the crops that were put in, and through failure in great measure of the spring sown wheat, is really in a worse plight than we are. Not that France requires to import to so large an extent as we do, for France with an average crop grows more than she eats; but she not only has none to export, but must import, according to her journals, to the amount of at least five million quarters. These five millions of quarters must be sought in markets of which, if France were absent, England would have a monopoly. With the competition of two thousand dollars to come over there and do her best singing. buyers, and with the knowledge that it is very questionable whether there is enough to satisfy the wants of both, the corn growers of the world are not likely to sell their produce at low rates. Our merchants are alive to the country. By offering high prices, as they are doing, very early in the cereal year, they will induce growers to bring to market all that they have; and altogether for a few weeks or months consumers may have to pay high prices for bread, yet there may be compensation awaiting them when the markets are glutted by the importations of over sanguine speculators. The real problem is, whether the surplus of the rest of the world is sufficient to make good the deficiencies of England and France. The deficiencies are known or guessed at pretty accurately, and the probable supplies will be large under the stimulus of high prices; but it is too soon yet to hazard an opinion whether they will be large enough to prevent such higher prices as will restrict consumption. Dear bread we shall have, but how dear it is impossible to predict.

THE CORNER STONE CELEBRATION ON MONDAY.—Great preparations are making to have the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of our new post office one of the most imposing occasions of the season. The route of the procession will commence on Columbus Avenue, thence through several streets to the Common, where it will march through some of the malls between lines of school children in order to afford them an opportunity to see the President and other distinguished guests. The programme embraces a large military and masonic escort, to which will be added public organizations and societies, and everything will be done to make it an occasion worthy of the purpose and of the distinguished visitors.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ Messrs. Lee & Shepard have issued among their other juveniles, two books prepared with great taste and felicity of judgment and section. One is the *Children's Album*, containing nearly two hundred beautiful full page engravings, with pretty and simple stories, expressly adapted to the very young; Also the Children's *Sunday Album*, by the author of "Trap to catch a Sunbeam," containing also a large number of finely executed full page engravings, and stories of a more serious cast. These two books are printed in large type, and bound handsomely, making them very desirable presents to young children.

☞ *Cringle and Cross Tree*, or the Sea swashes of a Sailor, is the inviting title of an illustrated book by the popular Oliver Optic, written in his most attractive style. It forms the fourth volume of the "Upward and Onward Series," in which the hero, Phil Farringford, makes a voyage to Africa, and his adventures are described in this volume. Published by Lee & Shepard.

☞ Messrs. Lee & Shepard also issue a neat little volume containing all of Robert Burns's poems, with a portrait. It is a very tasteful pocket volume. Call for the Diamond Edition of Burns.

☞ *The Typographic*, is a beautifully executed quarto page journal issued monthly by L. B. Wilder & Co., 66 Congress Street, Boston, in the especial interest of printers and the collateral branches of business. The paper, press work, and general mechanical execution are very beautiful, and creditable to the proprietors. The subscription price is $2,00 a year.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

For the week commencing Oct. 15, 1871.

Days of the Week.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Sets.	Length of Days.
SUNDAY,	6 12	5 19	6 26	11 7
MONDAY,	6 13	5 17	7 2	11 4
TUESDAY,	6 15	5 16	7 44	11 0
WEDNESDAY,	6 16	5 14	8 35	10 58
THURSDAY,	6 17	5 12	9 34	10 55
FRIDAY,	6 18	5 11	10 42	10 53
SATURDAY,	6 19	5 9	11 52	10 50

New Advertisements.

Ames Plow Co.
Manufacturers of Agricultural Implements and Machines
Quincy Hall Boston and 53 Burkman St. New York
oct14 1t

Fall Importations of
FRENCH CHINA,
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WHITE STONE WARE,
A full variety of J. MADDOCK & SON'S White Ware, so long and so favorably known to housekeepers.
TOILET WARE,
FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN NEW DESIGNS.
HOMER LANE & CO.,
52 and 54 Union, 39 and 41 Friend St.
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AT THE GREAT TRIAL OF
SWIVEL PLOWS,
In Greenfield, in September, our A-100 took the FIRST PREMIUM where NINE OTHERS were in the field.
Any one wanting a good Plow can find it in this, as we warrant it to turn a flat and handsome furrow.
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MESSRS. WHITTEMORE, BELCHER & CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I received your No. A-100 Plow. I hitched on one pair of oxen that girted less than six feet, and a nine hundred pounds horse. Went into my toughest bog meadow and it worked to perfection. Please send by the bill, and I will return the money by express.
J. S. MANN.
For sale at the
AGRICULTURAL TOOL AND SEED STORE,
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34 Merchants Row,
Boston.
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PRANG CHROMO. "Bouquet of Moss Roses", given gratis to every subscriber to the new publication "Star Spangled Banner" for 1871, equal to *Ledger*, 75 cts a year 3 mos. for 10 cts. Specimens FREE. Address, Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.
oct14 1t

To Let in North Quincy.
A Milk or Vegetable Farm of 50 acres, 2 Houses, large Barn and good Orchard. Rent low on a term of years. Apply at
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oct14-2t*

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The Subscriber wishes to hire a Farm; a Milk Farm preferred, with or without the Stock, with the view of buying if convenient. Best of reference given.
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One of the best Farms in Old Concord, Mass., containing 100 acres, one mile from Depot, Churches, Stores, Postoffice, and also within one hour's ride of Boston by the Fitchburg Railroad. This Farm has two Houses in good order, with large elm and evergreen trees in front; also good Tool and Carriage House, good Barn, with stalls for 17 head of cattle and 3 horse, water in the barn, and everything convenient; 75 pear and 200 apple trees of choicest varieties, one half acre of Concord grapes in bearing order; large asparagus beds and plenty of small fruits, &c., and in fact one of the most desirable Farms for sale within twenty miles of Boston, and will be sold on easy terms.
For further particulars, inquire of SAMUEL STAPLES, of Concord, Mass., or of the subscriber, at No. 25 North Market Street, Boston.
oct14 4t* J. W. BALDWIN.

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For the Hygeinic and Botanical Treatment of all kinds of diseases peculiar to her sex. Uterine Disease a specialty. Mrs. Tuck also has for sale the LADIES' SUPPORTERS (her own invention) so justly celebrated for comfort and support, as well as Elastic Bandages, Trusses, the Eugenie, Syringes, &c., and makes to order everything invalids require.
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oct14-13t

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oct14-1t* Olney, Ill.

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C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.
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Increasing the quantity of Milk in Cows!
This Compound has been used with the most flattering results by some of the largest stock owners in this country, and is recommended with the fullest confidence in its efficacy. It is warranted to
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The Poet's Corner.

AFTER ALL.

[From "Lay Witness: A Book of Verse," by William Winter, published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.]

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden wood-lands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy chair,
While a gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling to life him;
A fair, young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echo comes,
Of the dying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drums.

Then the grandsire speaks in a whisper,—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rosebuds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the old hearth sits, alone;
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

Ladies' Department.

[From the Overland Monthly.]

THE STEWARDESS'S STORY.

It was night on the Atlantic, and the stewardess of the steamship *City of*——was preparing herself for bed, all the lady passengers having retired to their berths, when her attention was called by a low tap at her cabin-door. It seemed to be given by cautious fingers, unwilling to be heard farther than was necessary; and, supposing it to be a warning from the steward that it was time to put out the lights, she glanced at her watch in surprise, and then going to the door, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Green, it is not eleven yet, and I am not quite ready. Wait a bit?"

"it is not Mr. Green," replied a voice outside. "I want to speak to you, Mrs. Ford. May I come in?"

"Oh, certainly, madam," was the immediate reply, as Mrs. Ford opened the door to one of the lady-passengers. The young woman entered, and after carefully closing the door, she addressed the stewardess in a low cautious tone, while holding and turning over a long, thin, parcel, which she drew out from a towel loosely wrapped around it.

"Mrs. Ford, will you put this in your trunk for me? You say we shall be in the harbor to-morrow, and we don't want to have this little parcel overhauled at the custom-house. Do put it in your trunk till we can take it quietly ashore."

Mrs. Ford hesitated. Of course, it was not her business to discbige passengers; but, then, smuggling was not dangerous, and this looked something uncommonly like it.

Still, the lady who made the request was well known to the stewardess, and seemed particularly friendly to her. It was not the first time she and her husband had crossed the Atlantic, in the same ship; so they were already such old acquaintance as to seem like friends. Moreover, this time Mr. and Mrs. Seaton had an additional charm for Mrs. Ford, being accompanied by their infant son, a fine lively little fellow, about a year old. Mrs. Seaton had kept her berth, on plea of sickness, for most of the voyage, and the stewardess had profited by the occasion to become nurse to the child, a charge she gladly accepted, and fulfilled with care.

Observing that she hesitated, Mrs. Seaton continued, in a half-careless, half-flattering tone:

"I told my husband you were so good-natured, I was sure you would oblige us in a trifle of this kind; but of course, if you would rather not, there is an end of the matter. We hope, if we are not disappointed to make quite a fortune for little Freddy. But if this is injured, by carelessness," and here she again glanced at the parcel in her hands, "my husband will be awful mad."

"I would be very glad to oblige you, madam; but, it would be awkward, if I got mixed up with any smuggling matters. The Company would dismiss me, and one must think of oneself."

"Smuggling!" said Mrs. Seaton, smiling blandly; "goodness! this is no smuggling. It is just the most innocent little machine in the world. I am sure, kind as you have been to us, I would be the last person to be so mean as to injure you. I guess it will do you no harm, any way. It would be unkind to get you into trouble, when you have been so good to Freddy, all along."

"I am sure, you are welcome to any thing I could do for the little darling, madam; but it is quite another thing."

"Yes, yes; I know that. But bless you, it will not hurt you. It is a machine for making spools, and my husband wants to patent it in the States; but, then, it is in just such a condition now, that, if it be meddled with, it will be ruined, that's all. If they do, by any chance, get hold of it, we must put up with its being spoiled; but I guess they will never interfere with you."

Mrs. Ford remembered, now, that, during the last voyage, Mr. Seaton had particularly admired a new kind of spool which he had seen in her work-box, and had asked several questions concerning it; so she concluded that it was in the manufacture of similar articles he was at present engaged, and without further hesitation, she took the parcel. The great weight of the article, compared with its bulk, surprised her as she received it; it being, as she supposed, a thin bar of iron, about six inches broad and two feet long, but not apparently, much thicker than a piece of card-board. She thought of this as she laid it in the top of her trunk, having a misgiving whether it might not, in some way, injure the apparel beneath; yet she felt unwilling to secrete it further, under the circumstances. Her visitor, with many thanks, retired, and Mrs. Ford soon forgot the matter in sleep.

Late in the afternoon of the following day as they drew near the end of their voyage, just before going ashore at the custom-house Mrs. Seaton sought another *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Ford. She held in her hand two letters, and, offering them to the stewardess asked if she would slip them in her pocket. "And besides she continued, "I want you to come ashore with me, and carry Freddy, if you do not mind the trouble."

Mrs. Ford replied that she had no objection, but that she was afraid she might not have time.

"Now, there's a good soul," cried Mrs. Seaton, "do say you will, right away. I am in trouble; and I am sure, when you know it, you will leave the under-stewardess, to fix up all around, and just do as I ask. Now, listen: my husband has got himself in a tight place just now, and I guess I shall have enough on my hands as soon as we step ashore. We know there's a policeman waiting for him."

"A policeman!" cried Mrs. Ford, in alarm.

"Oh, never frighten yourself," replied Mrs. Seaton, with her bland smile; "it is nothing of any consequence. You must know, he holds a situation under the Government, and he has got wrong in his accounts. It is not much, but he will be arrested as soon as he steps ashore, and all the business of getting my things through will fall on me. So you see, I do want a friend, and I shall feel real bad if you will not help me."

"But this arrest!" exclaimed Mrs. Ford, who wondered at the composure with which the wife spoke of such a catastrophe, so alarming to her own ideas.

"Well, of course, we had rather it should not happen," was the reply; "but what's the use of thinking of that? The real thing is to get out of it as quickly as possible. Mr. Seaton has friends who will come forward right away, just as soon as they know it; and that is why I want you to carry those letters ashore for me. Put them in your pocket—there's a good soul—and keep them till I ask for them, and Mr. Seaton will not be in this difficulty more than a few days. What it would be if I can not mail those letters at once, I really can not say."

Mrs. Ford slipped the letters into the pocket of her loose cloth jacket, and arranging with the under stewardess, that she would be back as soon as possible, prepared to accompany Mrs. Seaton at once.

They reached the shore, and, landing at the custom house wharf, as Mrs. Seaton had anticipated, a policeman instantly arrested her husband, who quietly walked off with him, after exchanging a significant glance with his wife. "I told you so," whispered she to Mrs. Ford, who had been a few steps behind, with the child in her arms, but who now drew near, expecting to find the bereaved wife in great distress. Such, however, was not the case. Mrs. Seaton was far more composed than her companion, who felt too much frightened and puzzled to pay attention to any thing around her, or she would have observed the scrupulous care with which the baggage of these passengers was examined. Mrs. Seaton was actively engaged in opening her boxes. She paraded rather ostentatiously certain new articles of apparel, and drew the officer's attention to her silks and gloves.

"Oh, yes;" she said, quite carelessly, she knew she should have duty to pay for those things, and was quite ready to do so. She had no wish to smuggle—not she, indeed. The officer eyed her keenly through his half closed eyes, and continued his examination with minute care, quite different from the usual process. Nothing, however, of importance seemed to be the result; the matter of duty was not very complicated, and when the necessary steps had been taken, Mrs. Seaton drew Mrs. Ford toward the great gateway and prepared to quit the wharf in mental triumph.

"This way, if you please, ladies," said another officer, who now stepped forward to meet them. "We must trouble you to walk this way for a minute. Allow me"—and bowing and backing as if he had been groom of the Chambers, escorting a princess, he ushered them into a small room and closed the door.

Here stood two women whom the stewardess immediately recognized as female searchers, and somewhat startled at what had occurred, she said at once there must be some mistake; she was stewardess of the *City of*——, and was anxious to return on board at once, having come on shore only to carry Mrs. Seaton's baby.

"You shall go as soon as we have done with you," replied the searcher, with something of a sneer; "but whether on board or not, depends on other matters. Come, its no use resisting," as Mrs. Ford tried to evade the hands which began at once to remove her outer clothing.

"It is no use, indeed," said Mrs. Seaton, who seemed to treat the whole thing with most serene philosophy, although any one who had watched her carefully would have seen an anxious glance at Mrs. Ford's cloth jacket. The searcher took it off, threw it on a bench, and Mrs. Seaton, with affected carelessness, immediately laid over it a large railway rug which she had on her arm. "My good Mrs. Ford, you and I know it will be useless to search either of us," she said. "We have not the first bit of smuggled goods about us; at least, I can answer for myself; and as for you, as I know, you had no notion of coming ashore, except to carry Freddy, why, of course, you have not either. Freddy is not contraband, I suppose," she added, laughing; "so I guess these good ladies will have their trouble for their pains. Take it easy, do now; there's a good woman."

But it was no use saying, "Take it easy," to Mrs. Ford. It must be an exceedingly unpleasant operation, I should imagine, being searched by a strange woman, who strips her victim in a cool, business like way, regardless alike of shyness and delicacy. The stewardess knew that it was uncalled for, and felt it an insult. Even to passengers the thing is rarely done, unless under very suspicious circumstances; and she, having been so often in that port without ever passing through the searchers' hands, could not understand why she should now be subjected to this degradation. She would not submit quietly. She pushed away the coarse hands which intruded on her womanly feelings of delicacy. She shrank from the examination, she cried, she sobbed, she grew hysterical; and, her nervous excitement being mistaken for guilt, she was in consequence subjected to a more rigorous examination. Every part of her clothing was felt; even her hair and her boots were examined, while each moment she became more painfully agitated, and her sobs and outcries grew louder.

The process was nearly completed, and she was about half dressed again, when the uproar in the little room attracted attention without. For, added to Mrs. Ford's hysterical screams, were the remonstrances of the searchers, delivered in the highest key of a Yankee voice, the attempt at soothing on Mrs. Seaton's part, and the loud cries of Master Freddy, who would not be pacified after the strange hands of these women had meddled with his own little person. The noise arrested the attention of two persons passing by, who opened the door suddenly and looked in.

"What are you doing to my stewardess?" said the Captain of the *City of*——, who had recognised her voice.

"Oh, Captain Stebbit, Captain Stebbit!" she cried as soon as she saw him. "See what they are doing to me; they've been searching me. Oh, what have I done? Oh, I am so ashamed!" Her voice was broken by sobs, and she was half choked by her tears.

"Why, what's all the row about?" asked Captain Stebbit, who was the jolliest, most good humored man in the world. "What has my stewardess been doing? She is no smuggler. Here," added he, turning to his companion, "your ship is close at hand; could you not step on board and bring us your stewardess. They are frightening Mrs. Ford into fits, and she needs a friend to look after her. You know Mrs. Lock very well; she shall come to you."

The summons to Mrs. Lock was answered by herself immediately, and in consequence of her presence, Mrs. Seaton, who had her own private anxiety about the letters in Mrs. Ford's pocket, had no chance to ask for them, for Mrs. Lock hurried her friend away on board her own boat, and Mrs. Seaton was left to her own devices.

It was some time before Mrs. Ford recovered her equanimity. The disgrace which she felt had been put upon her made her absolutely ashamed to be seen, and even when good humored Captain Stebbit paid her a visit, and joked with her about smugglers and searchers, she was too much overcome to reply.

Unconsciously that same evening she put her hands in her jacket pockets, and as she grasped the letters, she exclaimed: "Good gracious! if I hav'nt got those letters still there that Mrs. Seaton gave me. What shall I do with them?"

"She will come for them, I expect," replied Mrs. Lock, when she had heard the story. "I would keep them till she does."

The next day Mrs. Ford had another unpleasant surprise. The saloon steward of her own ship paid her a visit, having gossip about passengers to impart: "Do you know what happened to that friend of yours, that fellow, Seaton?"

"Yes; I know he was arrested. That is how I got into this trouble;" and Mrs. Ford proceeded to repeat to Mr. Park the particulars which Mrs. Seaton had confided to her.

"A very pretty story," laughed Mr. Park; "only it happens that none of it is true, but the arrest. He was caught, and detained on a charge of forgery."

The two stewardesses, dumb with the unexpected news, stared inquiringly at Mr. Park.

"Yes," continued he, "on a charge of belonging to a gang of forgers who have been passing counterfeit greenbacks. I suppose you know nothing about that, Mrs. Ford? Not an accomplice, hey?"

Mrs. Ford, hesitated a moment, and then drawing from her pocket the letters intrusted to her, she showed them to the others, and asked what she had better do.

The steward examined their exterior for a moment; then, without any remark, opened and read them in anxious silence, the two ladies looking on in a state of suspense. He had no sooner read them than he tore them carefully into the minutest fragments and scattered them out of the cabin window, where the tiny morsels fluttered away, and was soon lost beyond all possibility of detection in the waters of the dock.

"What were they?" gasped Mrs. Ford, in great alarm.

"Evidences of his guilt, which, found on you, would have been considered proof you his accomplice, and given you a share of his probable twenty years in the State's prison."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Lock; "you don't say so! Why, my dear, what an escape you have had."

"Yes, indeed; what an escape. They were in my pocket when I was searched," said Mrs. Ford faintly.

"Quite a providential occurrence," observed Mr. Park, as people are apt to say when they mean an occurrence for which there is special cause to be thankful. "I strongly advise you to say nothing about them to any one at present."

It is not quite clear in my own mind whether Mr. Park was justified in the course he pursued, or whether he ought not to have retained the letters, and handed them over to justice as evidence against the prisoner. He feared to compromise Mrs. Ford; but I have been assured that, in this case, if she had come forward with the evidence she possessed, and with a character so well known among the line to which she belonged, she would have come to no harm. However, they acted as they believed to be safest and least likely to involve innocent parties; and according to the rule, that it is better the guilty should escape rather than that the innocent should suffer, it seemed the most prudent course to take.

"But now, look here," said Mrs. Ford, when the last morsel of paper had disappeared, "there's another thing of theirs I have;" and she told the story of the parcel which was still in her trunk.

"You must get rid of it, certainly," cried Mr. Park, in great alarm. "There is no telling what it may be. Get rid of it at once."

"But now? My box is locked, and I have the keys. Sh-ll I go on board at once, and throw it out of the window?"

"No, no. It might lead to suspicion, if you went off in a hurry. If they think you are a confederate, you will be watched; and it would not do for me, either, to go and meddle with your trunk.

The three felt almost as if they were conspirators and forgers themselves, as they deliberated over what could be done to secure the parcel they believed so dangerous. Mrs. Lock and the steward, influenced by a not unnatural curiosity, were extremely anxious to inspect the mysterious package; but Mrs. Ford, who, in the event of discovery, was the one to fear the result, cared for nothing so much as being assured it was forever concealed from sight. Let it be what it would, all she desired was that it should be removed from the top of her trunk, and lodged safely at the bottom of the dock.

While they were considering ways and means, a messenger arrived from the *City of*——, the assistant stewardess having sent her cabin boy to inquire for Mrs. Ford and ask some question in the way of duty. Mrs. Ford sent off her keys by the boy Albert, and requested Mr. Green, the cabin steward, privately, to open her trunk, take the parcel lying on the top, and at once pitch it into the river. In due time, Albert brought back a message to say her orders had been complied with, and all was safe.

The evening after Mrs. Ford's return to her usual employment, Mr. Green, the steward, came to her, and, having ascertained that there was no one else present, produced the identical parcel which she had believed was safely stowed away in the bed of the river.

"Oh, Mr. Green!" cried she, in perturbation, "why did you deceive me, and keep that dreadful thing?"

"How do you know it *is* a dreadful thing?" replied he. "I am sure, I don't; and I thought, before we threw it away, we would just see what it was all about. I will call Park, now, and we will just take a look before we make it leap over. We can throw it away at any time."

To own the truth, Mrs. Ford herself, although perfectly convinced that the contents were equally dangerous and wicked, and very much afraid of being involved in some dreadful scrape, had yet so great a curiosity that she was not altogether unwilling to proceed to an investigation. So when Park joined them, they unfastened the cord and opened the package.

"Hum, I thought so," said Mr. Green, as they unwrapped a copper plate for printing forged ten dollar notes.

"I don't understand what it is," said Mrs. Ford, as she contemplated it.

Mr. Green explained, and added, that he had understood Seaton belonged to a regular gang, who were waiting for his arrival, with this plate, to proceed over the boundary to Canada, where they intended to establish their head quarters, whence they could conveniently circulate these false notes.

"And so that is the spool he intended to make, the villain!" said Mrs. Ford. "He was nearly making a very tangled skein for me, I am sure. Let's toss it overboard."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mr. Green. "Look here; this man is in prison now, and they want to find evidence. If you produce this, you will convict him at once; if you destroy it, you will allow him, perhaps, to go at large."

"But, if I produce it, they will take me for an accomplice, and I may be lynched, or hanged, or imprisoned for life," exclaimed Mrs. For.l. "No, no. I will run no risk of the sort. Who knows what trouble I might have!"

"She would certainly be detained here after we sail," said Mr. Park, "and so lose her situation, perhaps, or, at any rate have a whole peck of trouble; and, being English I think she might, likely enough, have some difficulty in establishing her perfect innocence. I would throw it away, and say nothing, if I were she." So the dangerous article was tossed out of the window, and fell with a splash into the waters of the dock where it no doubt reposes in the mud at this day.

Had Mr. Green's advice been followed, Mr. Seaton (who, it appeared, had a few other *aliases* for suitable occasions) would not have been discharged in one week, as he actually was, in default of evidence, and set at liberty to begin some other fraudulent action.

It was not till after his discharge that Mrs. Ford ventured to put her foot ashore, so terribly was she alarmed, lest she should be, in some way, involved in his guilt. But one evening, a few days before the *City of*——was to start, she did venture into the city, under the escort of Mrs. Lock. To her great surprise, as they were walking up Broadway, they met Mrs. Seaton, herself, who instead of trying to avoid her, stopped and spoke to her. There was not much cordiality on the part of the English woman; but Mrs. Seaton was perfectly composed and very friendly, and assured her that it had all come about just as she had expected. Her husband had been set at liberty, and was now quite well, and so was Freddy; and she would be glad if the stewardess would come and see them; and would she bring that little parcel she left with her on board? Mrs. Ford looked her full in the face, equally amazed at her audacity, and enraged at the injury so nearly done to herself.

"If you wish for that parcel," she replied, as soon as she could speak, "you must look for it at the bottom of the dock, for you will find it in no box of mine."

The expression passed over Mrs. Seaton's face, as she answered: "Do you mean you threw it away, woman? How dared you do so to my property?"

"And how dared you give me your forgeries and cheats to take care of, Mrs. Seaton? How dared you try to bring me into your scrapes? I am not at all obliged to you, I can tell you, and don't ever wish to sail in the same boat with you again."

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Seaton, frightened at her language, and glancing at her companion. "Don't talk of forgeries, pray; there's no occasion to be angry; you have been in no danger; you are quite mistaken."

"I have been in danger, and I am not mistaken; and Mrs. Lock knows as well as I, what that parcel was. And we threw it out into the dock, having no mind at all to be concerned in your business. So you will never see it again."

"And if you knew what it was, were you really such a fool as to throw it away? Why, you might have made your fortune by it. We would have given you any share of the profits you liked to name, to get it back; and you have really lost such a chance!"

"I don't want any shares, either in your profits or your prisons, Mrs. Seaton," exclaimed the stewardess, strong in indignant and outraged honesty. "I should have been far more likely to have one than the other, and I should have deserved it, besides, as much as you."

"Well, you are a fool, with your honesty," said Mrs. Seaton, with an impertinent laugh. "You have thrown away a chance you will not have again in a hurry, I can tell you." And, so saying, she walked away. Nor have they ever met since.

SOCIAL HONOR.

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of the true lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is the guest of a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a shame and grief to his parents; sometimes a relative, whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or worst of all husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, as far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said; but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted into its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear is a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and forget to return them.

A HINT TO PARENTS.

Nervous children suffer untold agonies from fear, when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonesome room to such children. A little, delicate boy used to cry violently every night and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook his pertinacity for obstinacy, and he thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said:

"Why do you always scream so, when you know you shall be punished?"

"Oh, father, father!" said the little fellow "I don't mind you whipping me, if you only stay with me."

The father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal.

TRIED AND TRUE.

AN OTHER TRUE STORY OF CALIFORNIA LIFE.

In the year 1851, there were among the early American settlers of San Francisco, California, two brothers named Thompson, who, having come thither from an Eastern State at the beginning of the "gold excitement," three years before, and labored conjointly for the more generous favors of fortune without commensurate result, decided at last to separate for a time; the one go to the mines and work for the fraternal partnership there, while the other remained in the city and improved such chances as ordinary business should offer. By such an arrangement two promising fields would be worked at once, and its wisdom was equally obvious to both young men; but when it came to the question of which of them should assume the hardships and perils of a miner's life, neither exhibited an alacrity to name himself for the adventure.

To decide this delicate point they drew lots, by which formula of fate the elder Thompson was doomed to become the miner, and accordingly procured an outfit and prepared to leave the city. Before taking the latter step, however, the miner elect chose to bring a little romance of his California life to a climax by wedding a young Eastern woman, who, like himself, had left home to woo fortune on the Pacific coast; and although he could not take her with him into the wild, comfortless life of the mines, the satisfaction of feeling that he had at least secured her for himself, and had a beloved brother in whose care to leave her, gave him more courage and inspiration for his departure than might have been possible to him as a bachelor. Wedded he was, then, and after a honeymoon of heroic brevity he consigned his bride to the protection of his brother, and bravely marched away with pick and shovel to the gold fields of the north. Eager as he naturally was to dig his prize from the earth and hasten back to the greater prize left behind, he was yet firmly resolved to deny himself wife, brother, and home, until he could indeed be the bearer of some share of wealth. So, when his first essay in the mines did not prove wholly satisfactory, he went sturdily onward into the Indian country, and, amongst the red men, added hunting and trapping to his mining pursuits. Thence still moving still further northward, he reached Fraser River when the excitement about the auriferous yield of that locality was in its height, and there succeeded in digging no less than 200 ounces of the precious dust, which he at once sent by express to his wife and brother in San Francisco.

From them he had thus far heard nothing on his travels, for it had been agreed that they should not write until he should be in some place reached by regular mails; but now he was impatient to learn how they regarded his present, and felt sure that they would devise some means of forwarding their written congratulation. The fee ing was vain, however; no letter came; and, after months of waiting, the finally indignant Thompson wrote to a friend in San Francisco with inquiries respecting the silent ones. The answer came that they had recently disappeared from the city together, having, apparently, in their possession a considerable sum of money, obtained no one knew exactly how. The miner, of course, knew whence the money came; but such intelligence of its seeming effect upon those whom he had held dearest in the world appealed to his apprehension in a most sinister sense. He believed that he was doubly betrayed; that his wife and his brother had basely and heartlessly practiced the blackest treachery against him, finally using the gold he had sent to help beyond his reach. Heartbroken and desperate the poor fellow thought no more of any goodly future for himself, but cared only for such wandering, wild adventure and savagery, as should divert him from all retrospective and tender thoughts.

He joined an expedition to the Great Salve Lake, as it is called and remained in the wilderness beyond reach of a messenger for several years. Returning finally to Victoria, or Fraser River, he went with another expedition to Idaho, and there and in Montana he was lost until as late as 1866. From the latter year until 1868 he was a resident of Salt Lake City, going from thence to the once famous White Pine mines, of Nevada, about eighteen months ago. Fortune smiled upon his generally listless efforts; he had a life of comfortless vagabondage and the twenty years of his absence from San Francisco wrought such lines in his face and whiteness in his hair as forty happier ones could not have produced. Some two weeks ago the broken, hopeless, and embittered man visited a mining camp not far distant from the town of Eureka, Nevada, for the purpose of joining a company fitting out for a trip to Arizona, and there, says the Eureka *Sentinel*, telling his story, he was fated to be delivered at last from the delusion of twenty miserable years. In the expedition preparing for Arizona was another man named Thompson, who, though neither recognized or recognizing at first, proved to be no other than our miner's recreant brother. When the poor vagabond wanderer discovered this, despite his wrong, he fell upon his brother's neck and cried like a child; and not only did that brother receive and return the caress without shame, but he took the earliest opportunity to reprove the other for leaving his wife and brother to suppose, for nearly a score of years, that he was dead.

The gold had been received, but without address, or a line to tell whither it came as a living man's gift or a dead man's legacy. No letter from the miner had ever reached wife or brother, though they had sent many a one to him. The wife had at last felt obliged to conclude that her husband was dead; the gold sent had been his dying gift, and with the money she bought a valuable farm near San Jose, where, wearing the weeds of widowhood, she still lives. As for the brother, he spent portions of the last fifteen years in pur uit of some trace of the miner, hoping at least to find his grave and sanctify it with a fraternal tear; but now that he actually saw the living man before him, nothing was left for them but a rushing journey to a certain valley farm near San Jose, where the best, truest, and staunchest, would at once become the most surprised and happiest little woman in the world. "Ere this," concludes the story, "there has been a meeting." The decline of life will pass in ease, comfort, and happiness for a man who for twenty years believed himself the victim of woman's perfidy.

ALMOST.

Some time, amid the pauses of our care and strife,
Comes a solemn yearning for a nobler life—
For some deeper purpose, for a light divine,
O'er our darkened pathway some pure star to shine.

And we almost catch the meaning life portrays;
Almost lose, in adoration, life's dark days;
Almost see the end triumphant drawing nigh—
See the signs of victory bending from the sky;

Almost grasp the secret of eternal things;
Almost see the gleaming of immortal wings;
Almost hear the answer to our longing cry;
Almost know the wherefore to our ceaseless why;

Almost— But hereafter, O glad soul of mine!
Reap the full fruition of this cross of thine;
Know what now but darkly through the glass appears;
Find the perfect answer to thy woe and tears.

Courage, then, faint-hearted pilgrim! With the blest,
At life's weary ending, cometh peaceful rest!
After life's long supplication, heaven is sweet!
After life's great tribulation, joy complete!

— Overland Monthly.

THAT TIDAL WAVE.

The great "tidal wave" which some papers have "evolved from their inner consciousness" as to take place on October 5th, and have credited to Agassiz as a prediction, is creating quite as much interest on some parts of our Atlantic coast as the second advent prognostications of Cummings and Miller. On another similar occasion, namely, the first great deluge, our ancestor, Noah, had a warning of many years. Considering, therefore, the extent of the expected flood, our notice is a very short one. According to the alleged calculations of the learned professor, this wave is to sweep the whole Atlantic coast, "to the height of fifty feet or more, on the night of the fifth or the morning of the sixth of October. We should think some folks along shore would be likely to get wet, under the circumstances.—*Balt. Sun.*

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.—The following remarks on the value of mental discipline, commend themselves to all thoughtful persons:

Seek to acquire the power of continuous application, without which you cannot expect success. If you do this, you will soon be able to perceive the distance which it creates between you and those who have not such habits. You will not count yourself, nor will they count you as one of them. Thus you will find yourself emerged into the the regions of intellectual and earnest men —men who are capable of making a place for themselves, instead of standing idly gaping, desiring a place without the power to command it.—Keep on striving to accomplish more and more every day, and thus enlarge constantly the range of your intellectual ability.

ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

Absent-mindedness, even when its manifestions are harmless, is not a trait to be commended in men of genius or others. It is worthy of note, however, that it is no sign of mental inferiority, but rather seems to be a failing peculiar to the higher order of mind. Literary biography abounds in anecdotes of the kind which we have quoted, not for the sake of proving "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way," but as an introduction to an exceedingly neat instance of absent-mindedness which lately came under our observation, and from which the newspaper reporter of the period has not yet taken the bloom. One hot August afternoon a gentleman, whose name attached to a cheque would be more valuable to the reader than it is written here, was standing in front of the Revere House waiting for a Washington-street car. He was a slim, venerable gentleman, with long white hair, and a certain dignity about him which we suppose comes of always having a handsome balance in the bank, for we never knew a poor man to have this particular air. It was a sultry afternoon, and the millionaire, standing on the curb-stone in the shade, had removed his hat, and was cooling his forehead with his handkerchief like any common person, when the Cambridge horse-car stopped at the crossing at his feet. From this car hastily descended a well-known Man of Letters whose pre-occupied expression showed at once that he was wrestling with an insubordinate hexameter or laying out the points of a new magazine article. Suddenly he found himself face to face with a white-haired old man dejectedly holding a hat in one hand. As quick as thought, the poet—to whom neither old age nor young appeals in vain—thrust his hand into his vest-pocket, and, dropping a handful of nickel and fractional currency into the extended hat, passed on. The millionaire gazed aghast into the hat for an instant, and then inverted it spasmodically, allowing the money to drop into the gutter, much to the amusement of a gentleman and a tooth-pick on the steps of the Revere House, and very much more to the amusement of another party who chanced to know that the supposed mendicant and the Man of Letters had been on terms of personal intimacy these twenty years.—*Every Saturday.*

☞ Calmness and equanimity ought to be part of every one's religion, even as it is part of the Quakers. "I dare no more fret," said John Wesley, "than to curse and swear." One who knew him well said that he never saw him low spirited or fretful in his life. He could not endure the society of people who were of this habit. He says of them: "To have persons at my ears murmuring and fretting at everything is like tearing the flesh from my bones. By the grace of God I am discontented at nothing. I see God sitting on his throne and ruling all things."

☞ Fish have great tenacity of life. It is believed that the carp has attained the age 150, and the pike a still greater age. A pike was caught in a lake in South Germany, in 1497, on which was found a ring bearing this inscription: "I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake, by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederick II., 5th of October, 1230." It weighed 350 pounds, and was nineteen feet long.

WHOSOEVER.—"Whosoever will may come." "I thank God," said Richard Baxter, "for the word Whosoever. If God had said there was mercy for Richard Baxter, I am so vile a sinner, that I would have thought he meant some other Richard Baxter; but when he says Whosoever, I know that includes me, the worst of all Richard Baxters."

Anecdotes.

☞ De con S—— was an austere man, who followed oystering, and was of the hard shell persuasion. The Deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he had got for "isters" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the isters," said the Deacon, "and the money is His'n; I'm only a steward." They do say the Deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent note, and he "wasn't going till that was fixed up." "Why, Deacon," said one of his customers whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? 'tisn't yours, you know; you are only a stewart; it isn't your loss." The Deacon shifted his shoulders, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said: "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm a goin' to stand and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'."

☞ A distinguished ex-Governor of Ohio, famous for story-telling, relates that on one occasion, while addressing a temperance meeting at Georgetown, D. C., and depicting the misery caused by indulging too frequently in the flowing bowl, his attention was attracted by the sobs of a seedy-looking individual in the rear part of the room. On going to the person and interrogating him, he was told the usual tale of woe—among other sad incidents that, during his career of vice, he had buried three wives. The Governor, having buried a few wives of his own, sympathized deeply with the inebriate, and consoled him as much as in his power. Said he, "The lord has indeed afflicted you." The mourner, sobbing, replied: "Yes, yes, he has," and pausing a moment and wiping his nose, he continued: "but I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as fast as he took one I took another."

☞ One of the shrewdest of parish beadles was Saunders Grant, village tailor to Muir. "How is it, Saunders," inquired the minister, "that these two young neighbors of mine have their churches quite full, while, though I preach the same sermons that I did twenty years ago, my people are falling off?"

"Weel, sir, I'll tell ye," said Saunders: "It is just wi' you as wi' myself, I new just as weel as I ever did, yet that puir goose Draper, has ta'en my business maist clean awa. It's no the sewing that'll do, sir, it's the new cut; it's just the new cut!"

☞ A Quaker lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress as follows: "Hum! yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone." "Hum! truly, Obadiah, thou has wisely said. Inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for a man to be alone, lo, I will sojourn with thee."

☞ Appropriate names: For a printer's wife, Ru: for a sport's wife, Bet-ty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a general's wife, Sally; for a teamster's wife, Carrie; for a fisherman's wife, Net-ty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peg-gy; for a carpet-man's wife, Mattie for an auctioneer's wife, Bid-dy; for a chemist's wife, Ann-Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridg-it; for a farmer's wife, Gerusha.

☞ A gentleman was describing to Douglas Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage—how his wife had been brought up in a convent and was on the point of taking the veil when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight and she accepted him as her husband. Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and then quietly remarked, "She simply thought you better than *nun*."

☞ An invalid once complained to his neighbor of a Shanghae which the latter kept. The bird was a terrible nuisance, and gave him no peace day or night. "But," said the sceptical owner, "my cock only crows four or five times a day. I don't see how that can annoy you so much." "Because," replied the sufferer, "you don't take into account all the times when I am expecting him to crow."

☞ Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth, a man met a farmer of the neighborhood, and said to him, "You have had a great loss." "What loss?" "Why you have lost the great poet." "Oh, ay," said the farmer, "he's dead; but ah hev no doubt t' wife will carry on t' business, and mak it as profitable as ivvir it was."

☞ The Illinois *Independent* says: "A printer lost his week paycheck to pay for a pair of pantaloons with us. His name is Doolittle. The firm's name would sound very bad either way you put it. 'Steal and Do Little,' or 'Do Little and Steal.' One of us would soon be in the poorhouse, and the other in the penitentiary."

☞ The following is told of a young society gentleman, who graduated from Harvard: On the examination in physic, he was asked: "Mr.——, what planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I'm not quite certain."

☞ A gentleman one day was making away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was a dessert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

Domestic Economy.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

FROM LADY CONTRIBUTORS.

MACCARONI.—One-fourth of a pound of maccaroni, boil in water with a little salt; drain off the water, and keep covered. Roll two tablespoonfuls of butter in a little flour, take a pint of milk, and a half pint of cream, add the flour, and set it on the fire until thick, stirring it all the time. Grate one-fourth of a pound of cheese, butter the pan in which it is to be baked, and put in first a layer of maccaroni, then grated cheese and sauce till the pan is filled, cheese last. Bake ten minutes. A tab'espoonful of mustard improves it.

☞ Sympathy and deeds, sometimes get widely separated in this great world. Sympathy is easy, and cheap, deeds cost time, and effort, and money. To say to a needy and deserving applicant "be ye warmed, or be ye filled" takes but a breath. To warm them with clothing, and fill them wit food, takes brain work, and heart work, and hand work united. The feeling which does not clothe itself with a corresponding deed, soon dies out of the heart for want of action, while the deed recruits upon the smothered nature, and gives new force and power to the emotion itself. The spring which waters a meadow, and supplies a household with its drink, becomes a stagnant and useless pool, the moment you dam up its gushing outflow, and man and beast turn alike away from its green and poisonous waters. So a heart gushing with sympathy, if restricted and impaired so that it cannot or does not express itself in corresponding deeds, becomes itself dead, and loses the power, at length, of imparting to others a joy which it does not itself possess. Let blossoming sympathy ripen into deeds of generosity, and you should be like a living tree, giving daily of your own life, for the life of others.

☞ We know but little about aristocracies in this country, although "aristocracy" is a word that the land-reforming demagogues are fond of mouthing very extensively. But in England the word means something. There the real estate, including city houses and building lots, is owned by less than 31,000 persons, and one-half the land is owned by 150 persons, averaging over 100,000 acres to each. In Scotland, twelve persons own 19,500,000 acres. "This is," says Hugh Mr. Leavitt, of Northampton, who states the facts, "as if all the land in Massachusetts was owned by three persons, each having about 5,000,000 acres."—*Woman's Journal.*

☞ Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow; overleaping it, passing